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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	97	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Baudelaire in his Letters. By Arthur		Whiskey and Insanity. By one of the	
Canada and the United States	100	Symons	107	Select Committee on British and	
The Last Infirmary	101	A Clear Green	108	Foreign Spirits	112
The House of Lords and the		Chess	109	A Case for Help. By the Rev. A. T.	
Government	102	Bridge: The Revoke	110	Hollis	112
Another Irish University Litter	102			The Queen of Girls'-Book Makers	112
THE CITY	103	CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
INSURANCE:		General Baden-Powell's Claimed Descent		The Todas	113
The Most Suitable Policy	104	from Captain John Smith. By the		Persian Literary Movements	114
		Windsor Herald and A. G. Bradley	110	A Dying Nation	114
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Christianity in France	111	White, Brown and Black	115
The Prophet and the Earthquake	104	Jamaica and Foreign Aid	111	A Man of Science	116
An Enigma of Our Time. By Max		The Swiss Model. By Lieut.-Colonel		NOVELS	117
Beerbohm	105	H. W. L. Hime	111	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	118
Foreign Masters at Burlington House.		The Unemployed Season. By Rev.		THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS	118
By Laurence Binyon	106	W. Carlile	111	FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY	
		Mixed Schools. By Henrietta R.		AND ART	120
		Anderson	112		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Jamaica "incident",—"incident" apparently is the right word for a difference not of the first magnitude—might very well be summed up as an actual infelicity on the one side and a verbal infelicity on the other. There one might be content to let the matter rest, at any rate until all the facts were authentically before us; but the tone of Sir Edward Grey's and Mr. Haldane's messages to Washington compels us to speak out. Each of these messages was an oblique and so the more offensive censure on the British official, based on admittedly imperfect information. No one will be surprised that this Government should be in a hurry to give away one of its representatives abroad. There was ample precedent for such a course, and even more Liberal precedent than Conservative. And when it was a matter of giving away a British official to the United States, who can wonder that the Foreign Minister and the Minister for War tumbled over one another in their anxiety each to be the first to throw over Sir Alexander Swettenham?

One would imagine from these messages that there was nothing to be said in excuse of the British Governor and nothing against the American admiral. Yet it is certain that Admiral Davis landed armed men on the soil of a foreign and friendly Power, either without troubling to consult the wishes or ask the consent of the Governor of the colony, or in sheer defiance of the Governor's expressed desire. This is a breach of etiquette as outrageous as any a naval commander could be capable of; it was internationally an illegal act. The British Governor, on his side, requesting Admiral Davis to withdraw his

men, expressed himself in undignified, unjustifiable and offensive terms. There is the sum of the case against the admiral and the Governor. The admiral was guilty of a serious offence in act; the Governor of a rude letter. Much must be admitted in excuse of either: but a mere statement of the facts shows how much more the American admiral is in need of excuse than is the British Governor.

The Governor's official report shows Kingston to be a practically ruined city which will have to be rebuilt. But the main thoroughfares have been cleared and railway and other communications seem in order. The population is living in temporary shelters and there are thousands quite destitute, but supplies have now been brought in by British and foreign warships and steamers and there is no fear of lack of food. Accounts of the number of dead have been published at about eight hundred. This agrees with the Governor's statement that 530 bodies have been buried and perhaps up to two hundred indistinguishable remains burned. But the work of removing the extensive ruins will extend over the next twelve months and other victims will be found. It appears that slight shocks of earthquake are still being felt. There has been a question raised whether it would not be better if Kingston were rebuilt on the more solid rock. This is an excellent suggestion, but it would probably involve removing it inland from its port—a greater distance than Athens is from the Piræus—or else to one and a quarter mile to the East, say to the Long Mountain.

Two actions—one local, the other Federal—have been started in America in connexion with the exclusion of the Japanese from Californian schools. Interest centres in the Federal suit not because it will determine the rights of the United States as a whole over a particular State, but because of the specific ground on which the Federal authorities take their stand in the present instance. It seems that the Californian schools get part of their support from the original grant of land made by the United States and from 5 per cent. on the sales of public lands. These benefits were, according to the Washington Government, to be enjoyed on the understanding that California conducted her

schools in conformity with the Constitution and treaties with other Powers. The Government contend that the exclusion of the Japanese is in flagrant violation of the treaty with Japan. If they carry the day California may forfeit her title to particular benefits, but Federal inability to coerce individual States will be as glaring as ever.

Disquieting rumours, which come persistently from the Far East, should be effectually stopped by the Japanese Premier's statement in the Diet on Tuesday. Friendly relations with Russia have, he said, steadily advanced since the peace settlement. In Manchuria Japan has completely determined the military administration, and the way is being cleared for the opening of the country to the commerce of all nations—with no doubt due regard to the primary consideration of Japanese interests. Whilst the Premier is convinced that peace is reasonably safe, he is not going to abandon the policy of strengthening Japan's defence forces. National prosperity, as to which the Minister of Finance made a statement on the same day, enables the Government, whilst paying off loans, to increase their naval and military resources without overtaxing the people.

On Friday the first ballots for the elections to the Reichstag began, but as yet of course there have been no returns to indicate the constitution of the new German Parliament. The effects of the second ballots are even more uncertain in the present confusion of all the German political parties than they are at ordinary times. On the whole it seems likely that the Socialists and the Centre will retain the seats they won at the last election on the first ballots. These ballots are generally more decisive in their cases than they are in those of their opponents; and the Socialist or Centre voters will support each other's candidates in the second ballots when they do not obtain the necessary absolute majority in the first. There is not the same unanimity in the union of the allied Conservatives, National Liberals and others on whom Prince Bülow is relying to make up the Government bloc. While all the Liberal sections are on principle hostile to Clericalism and Socialism, their Protestant anti-ecclesiastical feelings are stronger than their economic Liberalism, and the Socialists will probably gain some seats by the Liberals supporting them against Centre candidates.

The activity of Prince Bülow and Herr Dernburg in addressing public meetings to influence opinion is one of the evidences of the peculiar interest of this election in which the Colonial policy is really secondary, though it was the Colonial vote which brought on the dissolution. They have not broken with the Ministerial principle of independence of Parliamentary Government by being candidates or directly supporting candidatures. Their audiences have been special assemblies; Prince Bülow's have been "Intellectuals", the literary and learned classes; Herr Dernburg's business guilds or corporations; and their speeches have not been reported in the press but issued in special form. Still so much is unusual. In his letter to General von Liebert Prince Bülow dwelt on the impossibility of a strong national policy under the party system of Germany: in the meeting with the Intellectuals he denied charges of absolutism that have been so freely made. The question moving the elections is this constitutional one: Is there to be a modification of the Constitution, even granting the Emperor does not go outside of it as it exists? The German Constitution was designedly constructed by Bismarck that it might be flexible.

A Parliament of even more unfamiliar type to us than the German is in course of formation in Russia. This week the Primary elections in the workmen's assemblies were held in S. Petersburg for electing delegates to the body by which members of the Douma are ultimately chosen. It appears that of ninety-one delegates almost half are moderate as against revolutionary Social Democrats. Twenty-three delegates are Social Revolutionaries, a distinctly violent party. The S. Petersburg workmen have chosen no Constitutional Democrats, the so-called moderate party who were so unreasonable in the last Douma, but they have chosen a majority of moderates over extremists. This is a very early stage in the tortuous course of the S. Peters-

burg election which will be final only in March. Not much can be inferred from it, except perhaps that as the Government has been successful in eliminating the Constitutional Democrats in S. Petersburg, it may also reduce them in the Douma. The very fact of the S. Petersburg workmen now taking part in the elections is evidence of a less extreme mood, for they abstained from voting for the first Douma.

In France the conference of French bishops has closed. A reply was sent by the conference to the Pope expressing the bishops' loyalty and duty to his Holiness, and concurring in the resolve not to attempt any compromise under the Separation Act with the French Government. The bishops expressly affirm that they have not been induced to take this course by outside pressure against their will or better judgment. The conference seems to have been unanimous on all important points. The suggestion of schism, and of general reluctance to reject compromise with the Government is now finally laid to rest. The Church will meet her trial in France solid and without flinching.

M. Polonyi, the Minister of Justice in the Hungarian Cabinet, is the cause of a commotion in the Independence party which has analogies with the Irish turmoil about Parnell. After many conferences on the allegations made by M. Halmos, ex-Burgomaster of Budapesth, and equally serious charges subsequently made by M. Lengyel, a prominent member of the Independence party, Count Andrássy has declined to sit in the same Cabinet with M. Polonyi unless he brings actions in the courts to clear his character. This he is now said to have decided to do. When M. Halmos charged him with corrupt use of his position in the municipality he threatened an action; and M. Halmos immediately made a startling retraction. It was then asserted that M. Halmos' doctor had procured it by representing that the action would kill him, M. Halmos being in ill-health. M. Halmos' family however have declared that they have proofs of the original assertions.

While the matter stood so, M. Lengyel repeated the Halmos accusations and made other charges against M. Ugron, Vice-president with M. Polonyi of the Independence party. M. Lengyel also reproduced a facsimile letter of M. Polonyi to an Hungarian Baroness asking her to use her influence with relatives at the Vienna Court to obtain information that could be used by the Independence party. M. Polonyi succeeded in inducing the Ministry to make a decision in his favour on these charges and in obtaining M. Lengyel's expulsion from the party. Then there appeared accusations in another quarter, an organ of a member of the Fejervary Ministry, and a narrative of M. Polonyi's communications with the Hungarian Baroness asserting that M. Polonyi, having obtained over £2,000 from two members of the party for the Baroness, had kept it for himself. The Baroness herself has accused M. Polonyi to the police.

Mr. Birrell's appointment to the Chief Secretaryship has been officially announced. He pleased, we suppose, the English Nonconformists so well that now the Government is sending him away to try to please the Irish Catholics. Mr. McKenna succeeds Mr. Birrell at the Education Office. It will surely be an odd thing if the shuffle stops here; Mr. McKenna given a seat in the Cabinet, whilst Mr. Churchill is left an under-strapper! One would like to hear what Mr. Churchill thinks of a shuffle which puts Mr. McKenna in the Cabinet and leaves himself out of it. This is no case of the idle apprentice and the industrious, for Mr. Churchill is as industrious as Mr. McKenna, and he has gifts where Mr. McKenna has—well, industry. One way would have been to leave Mr. McKenna out of the Cabinet. It would have been an easy and natural way of solving the difficulty were it not that this would have entailed leaving the Education Office out of the Cabinet.

Intellectual fastidiousness, the wish to be a little different from your own party, does not pay in Irish politics. Mr. Wyndham did not find it a profit, and one could name at least another notable Unionist

example. Mr. O'Brien on the other side has hardly been more successful. The only policy that really counts is the policy of Thorough. Mr. Long has always recognised this, and, as a result, he is to-day the leader of the stalwart opposition to Home Rule. He is taking a very active part in the work of the new Union Defence League, and a campaign against Home Rule-by-installment will, we understand, soon be opened throughout the country. By the way, talking of campaigns, we ought to congratulate the Liberals and Mr. Haldane in particular on the graceful terms in which one of their most promising allies, the new M.P. for Galway, spoke of the British soldier.

We suppose it is natural for the thick-and-thin defenders of the London County Council to make a great deal of Sir M. Beachcroft's statement at last Tuesday's meeting in regard to the action brought by the twelve Progressive members of the Highways Committee against the "Standard". Approval of these members bringing the action to defend the honour of the Council was non-committal, as it was bound to be, seeing that the "Standard" stands by its statements on the "Tramway Contracts". Evidently if, as Sir George Lewis' letter demanding a retraction states, members of the Council are charged with bribery and other discreditable conduct, the honour of the Council demands that the issue shall be tried in Court. That is what Sir M. Beachcroft means and what every one will agree with. It is fortunate for the plaintiffs that the elections will be over before the case can come on, as critics of their policy will be always thinking of contempt of court.

It is a pity the twelve county councillors cannot retain the services of the President of the Local Government Board for their action against the "Standard". Speaking on Thursday at Queen's Hall Mr. Burns hotly championed the plaintiffs and roundly abused the defendants. A member of the Government, we suppose, can afford to spurn all sub judice considerations or etiquette. But one is rather tickled to find Mr. Burns lamenting the good old days of dignified journalism. Has he not himself long been the reigning hero in the yellowest press?

What action does the Government propose to take to put the London docks in a position to cope with rapidly increasing business? The dock directors, with the approval of most of the shipowners, are prepared with a Bill covering actual necessities, but, as the meeting held in London on Wednesday made clear, they are not prepared to spend large sums of money in constructing and extending docks which may a year or so hence be involved in a Trust created by the Government. Mr. Cater Scott is of opinion that the growth in the business of the Port will be equal to any extension of accommodation in the next few years. If the Bill which he and his friends are promoting is carried, he says the necessary changes will be complete by 1910-11. Yet if the Government pass their own measure next year, Mr. Scott considers that the improvements will not be complete till 1915, too late to save serious confusion and loss. Why should a Government Bill in 1908—a year later than the dock-owners' Bill—throw the works back four years, from 1911 to 1915?

The Home Office's new London cab regulations have been issued in the "London Gazette". It would be contrary to all tradition for a reform of this kind to be printed in simple and natural English. Officialese is more sacred to official than journalese to journalist. To read through the schedules and sections of the order is to be reduced to the same degraded state of intellect that is produced by, say, half an hour's hopeless struggle with Bradshaw over some obscure cross-country route. However there are people employed by the daily press to boil down official documents of this kind and they make it clear that in future there are to be sixpenny fares for a mile or for twelve minutes' driving in cabs which carry a taximeter. If the cab has not a taximeter, the fare may strike a bargain to be driven half a mile for sixpence. So much for ordinary cabs: the smallest fare for motor-cabs with a taximeter is to be eightpence a mile.

The taximeter is to be voluntary. We suppose the authorities have thoroughly considered the question, but on the face it seems rather complex. Until "the fare" gets into the cab how is he to know whether he is going to have a mile for sixpence or only half a mile (by bargain) for this sum? He will not always be able to tell whether his cab is or is not a taximeter cab until he is in it: if he hails a cab off the stand he will have to hire it whether it is taximeter or not: he cannot hail the cab and then, finding that it is without a taximeter, dismiss it—at least, if he does, he will be roundly abused. These little difficulties can only arise, of course, if some cabs adopt the taximeter and others refuse to adopt it. It is to be hoped that the taximeter will be adopted generally or not at all.

The order, if effective, will surely make cab hire cheaper in London than in any other part of England. As it is, the London cabs are far cheaper than the country fly. Half a crown is in most country districts the smallest fare, though the distance may be only about a mile; and even then the driver looks for a trifle "for himself". It is to be feared that the cheapness of cab hire in London is largely at the expense not so much of the owner of the horse as the horse itself. The poor jaded beast driven almost to death is too familiar in London. There are good and fresh horses, perhaps plenty of them, but there are also many used-up and overworked horses. We hope these new sixpenny fares will not increase the number of the wretched horses that are only fit for the knacker.

Londoners are certainly passing through a critical stage. A general cab or a general coal strike is a more or less familiar idea, but a general music-hall strike is a new and startling possibility. It is appalling to think of the number of people who would be thrown out of their evening's amusement if the Tivoli, the Oxford, the Canterbury, the Duchess Palace (Balham), and the East Ham Empire were to close. This has not actually happened yet, but we seem to be on the verge of such a disaster. The "artists", it is said, are determined that this shall be "a fight to a finish", and there is talk of the strikers opening co-operative shows and halls of their own. An odd feature of the contest is the action of the public outside some of the proscribed Palaces. Crowds of people have gathered there and watched and cheered the pickets at work, and cheered or booed the blackleg performers as they have driven up and hurried in. Is not this unusual pastime outside the Palace as good as the usual pastime within? It is cheaper too.

There is a sense of appalling melodrama about the murder of Mr. William Whiteley especially when it is regarded in the light of the motives assigned by the murderer for his terrible act. The force and business brain of the man were unquestionable. He successfully originated where other "universal providers" have successfully copied: to-day it is hard enough to copy successfully, to originate a thousand times harder. Whiteley was one of those men who know when to use advice and when to despise it. He was told that he should on no account set up in Westbourne Grove, fatal for business enterprise, the grave of capital. Whiteley probed the evidence, found weak points in it, and on £700 forthwith set up in Westbourne Grove. It is said that he never veered or fluctuated once he had made up his mind, but he did not make his mind up very quickly. It is absurd to suppose that Whiteley's was "a chance success". These men make their own chances. No doubt however they are lucky in one way—they have, through no merit of their own, the brain to start with.

English criminal proceedings are sometimes slow enough, but if the Thaw case had been before the Central Criminal Court here instead of the Central Criminal Court in New York it would have long ago been a thing of the past. Mr. Thaw shot Mr. White publicly before witnesses seven months ago, and only on Wednesday his trial began. The preliminary investigations have shown that there was but one defence—insanity. After two days only three jurymen were chosen, and the question invariably asked by the prosecution was whether in the jurymen's opinion there could be any other excuse than the statutory one of insanity for deliberately killing a man. Neither the English

nor American law would allow any other except necessary self-defence, which does not arise in this case. But the warning to jurymen in England would have come from the judge in summing-up, not during the composition of the jury. In America however when the jury are in possession they are not so deferential to the judge's rulings as they are in England. This no doubt accounts for the greater care of the prosecution in the Thaw case.

Lord Field will always be remembered by those who were familiar with his appearance in Court as the very picture of the mediæval judges whose engravings are to be seen in old books. Though one of the most practical of modern commercial lawyers, he seemed to belong to the age of black letter. This and the fact that it is seventeen years since he retired from the Bench, to live in a complete seclusion from the world and its affairs, seems to relegate him to a dim past that has no connexion with our day. His great age increases this impression, for he was born two years before Waterloo, and it is fifty years since he was called to the Bar. He was over eighty when he finally laid down his arms, and it was more due to his deafness than any mental falling off that he had to do so. Since then he has been a solitary pathetic figure in the limbo into which most judges shrink from entering.

He was an able advocate in business cases as he was an able judge, but not remarkably distinguished in either sphere. He had not the literary discipline which most of his contemporaries at the Bar and on the Bench had received; and it was rarer in his time than it is now for men without university training to win success at the Bar. His special work as a judge lay in working out the new practice under the Judicature Acts, and his chief personal characteristics were a mingled testiness, courtesy, and kind-heartedness, which made him something of an oddity without affecting the esteem all of his profession had for him.

The Mathematical Tripos question comes up for final settlement next week. Voting will take place on Friday and Saturday, 1 and 2 February, from 1.30 to 2.30, and from 6 to 7. We sincerely hope that all non-resident voters in favour of reform will come up to vote. Thinking Cambridge men, or most of them, will feel the need to rid Cambridge of the childish competition for places in this tripos, and of enlarging its scope to meet needs it is now unable to serve. After all the name Wrangler, in which there seems to be so much sweetness and virtue, will survive in any event.

Things which all who have followed the Book war of the past three months have heard of in a general way are set forth in great detail this week in "Truth". Mr. Moberly Bell has succeeded fairly well in getting supplies, but by methods which he would rather have kept secret. When authors have not been prepared to play the "Times" Book Club game by taking advantage of a clause in their contract, the Club has resorted to a scheme of which it is difficult to speak politely. Its managers have induced certain export or foreign houses to order supplies which ultimately found their way to Oxford Street. The increase in export orders following on the declaration of war by the publishers was in itself sufficient to put the publishers on the alert. Mr. Heinemann laid a trap into which the "Times" fell headlong.

Nobody has cared to talk of anything but the weather of late. There are two remarks about cold weather which must be made many millions of times every winter in England, and yet, making them, we half imagine ourselves original or discerning: one is that "it's the wind that makes it so cold"; the other—"it's damp cold, not dry, that hurts". The cold undoubtedly brings with it distress and destitution in London and many parts of the country, and it is hard to resist indiscriminating charity at such a season. It has evidently been warm however in England compared with many places on the Continent. There are statements about cold in Russia forty-seven degrees below zero! One is better off here even in a slow train on the London, Chatham and Dover.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

APPARENTLY President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. Root missioner-general to convert first the New World, and then the Old, to the American point of view, and bring them at length within the fold of the Great Republic. Mr. Root certainly plays the part well. He understands the emotional appeal, he knows the value of platitude, and of a great volume of words. He can be all things to all men and he knows how to exhibit himself in the particular form that will most flatter the peculiar vanity of the people he is preaching to. And he is a diplomatist. Missioners of all Churches tell us that it is wise in dealing with certain cases not so much as to speak of religion, not even to mention the word, until the psychological moment arrives. Not by any means the Jesuits alone adopt this method. Mr. Root equally knows its value in the political mission-field. Last week he reached Canada in his missionary journey. There are matters of great significance pending between Canada and the United States; matters on which Canadians feel strongly, and might not be expected to see eye to eye with the United States. A plain man might have thought Mr. Root had come to discuss these matters and would take advantage of the very numerous opportunities of speech provided for him, and thankfully accepted, to say something about them. Not Mr. Root. That is not the way to set about it. He will talk of anything rather than reciprocity, fishery questions, *modus vivendi*, and so forth. He did not come there to talk politics but to show the Canadians, what they did not dream before, that they are a very wonderful people and what a grand arrangement the Almighty made when He planted two such amazing peoples, peoples who hold the world's future in their hands, side by side in the better land, in the New World. "There had been not merely growth in population and wealth, but they had seen great examples of that constructive power, examples of the great race of builders which had made, were making, and were to make the Western World unexampled in the history of mankind. Above all they saw a people trained and training themselves in discussion, which differentiated latter-day civilisation from all the civilisations of the past, and must give to the civilisation of our time a perpetuity that none of the past had had."

This is delightful indeed. On the one side Mr. Elihu Root's dispensation lasting for ever and on the other the trumpery little days of Egypt, China, Babylon, Rome. All these miserable states of ancient peoples who had the misfortune not to be brought up on discussion are past and forgotten (Mr. Root very likely has forgotten them) while the age of Roosevelt and Root is to go on for ever. Mr. Root has pleased the Canadians very much and has made what the journalist calls "an excellent impression". So we suppose the Canadians like this sort of thing, though we are very sure some of them do not. If taken seriously, such rhodomontade would be arrogance of the most vulgar and ignorant type. But Mr. Root was on a flapdoodle expedition, and it would be absurd to suppose he attached the smallest importance to the propositions he was pouring forth. Probably no one is more amused than Mr. Root himself when he reads over his own "bunkum" the next day; he would enjoy a hearty laugh over it with any intimate he could trust not to give him away. The object of all this is to get the Canadians out of a critical mood. They have suffered a great deal from the United States, and they are now on their guard. So Mr. Root had to talk them into a good temper. His pleasant platitudes had their object, and perhaps have gained it. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier at any rate might have put his reply on a little higher plane. There was no need for him to flapdoodle. Yet no United States orator ever sank deeper into bathos or said anything more utterly absurd than Sir Wilfrid's remark that "it had been agreed that never more would they see war between France and England". Agreed! What a great historian is Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he thinks war or no war is determined by causes so easy of control. It is a pity he

did not go a little farther and tell his audience that Mr. Root and he had agreed that there shall be no more earthquakes. One hopes there was something wrong in the report and that Sir Wilfrid did not say anything quite so silly.

Unlike Mr. Root Sir Wilfrid did refer, and refer definitely, to political matters. He is reported to have said "they would have no reciprocity in trade for many years". This we are glad to hear, for trade or tariff reciprocity between Canada and the United States would be gravely prejudicial to the commercial interests of the British Empire. More than that, it would make the consolidation of the Empire impossible, and might easily be the first step in its dissolution. Until now the United States have been unwilling to grant reciprocity to Canada. The plan was by keeping Canada out of all trade advantages to put on the screw so severely as to shake Canada's British allegiance. Canada was then much less prosperous than now and this policy did not lack intelligence from the American point of view. Next there was a question of reciprocity in favour of the United States aimed directly at this country. Canada declined that. Now, when Canada is prosperous beyond her wildest expectations, when she is advancing more rapidly than the United States, and when, above all, there is an open movement on foot for mutual trade preference between Canada and Britain, American statesmen see the need to change their position. They are now ready to consider reciprocity and do not even insist on the abrogation of the preference given by Canada to British goods. But from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's words it would appear that the United States offer comes too late; Canada can do without it now. So it is Mr. Root's business to flatter the Canadian people into a more amenable mood. But while we welcome Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration, we do not quite understand how he can make it agree with one part of his Government's tariff scheme, the intermediate tariff. If this scheme becomes law, how can the United States be prevented from taking advantage of the intermediate tariff, which would be reciprocity? They could not, it is true, get terms more favourable than this country does under the preference allowed to British imports by Canada, but they could get terms which would materially reduce and might even nullify our advantage as against the United States. We hope the Canadian people, most of whom do not want trade reciprocity with the United States, will look into this. When the tariff scheme comes up for discussion in the Dominion Parliament, the Opposition will move that the intermediate tariff be dropped.

Generally there seems to be a popular feeling in Canada that no more concessions ought to be made to the United States. There is a suggestion of withdrawing the coastal privileges American navigation has hitherto enjoyed. The words of Mr. Foster, the Opposition statesman, in a debate coinciding in time with Mr. Root's visit are worth noting. "We live largely under a sense that we have had taken from us, for one reason and another, what should have properly belonged to the Dominion to-day, and we do not want—I am certain that is the feeling in this country from one end to the other—to be forced or to be asked to give up what are our rights or part of our resources that we need for our own development in the future, even to insistent neighbours."

This means that the Canadians have no intention of giving away anything more to the United States, and have equally little intention of being made to give away anything more by the Imperial Government. They are right. Successive British Governments have sacrificed Canada to the United States for the sake of immediate diplomatic convenience. Canadians remember the Alaska Commission, on which Mr. Root served as one of the "impartial jurists". They remember the contribution of Lord Alverstone, the British Commissioner. This must stop; and we are glad to see signs of recognition even in this country that this must stop—notably in an article the other day in the "Standard". We are beginning to realise that there is a limit to the price we ought to pay for sentimental attachment to America. When we show that we realise this, Americans will respect us more than they have done for many years.

THE LAST INFIRMITY.

OUR maiden aunt, the "Spectator", of "blameless antecedents and growing infirmities", as Mr. Asquith described her, has at last succumbed to the fascination of that Don Juan of politics, Sir Antony MacDonnell. In no other way can we explain the extraordinary article which appeared in last week's issue of that review under the title of "Devolution and Home Rule". When we remember that this irresistible Under-Secretary has seduced Lord Dudley and Lord Dunraven, and very nearly succeeded in ruining poor Mr. Wyndham, perhaps we ought not to be surprised that in conquering the "Spectator" he can at last "boast the triumph of a letter'd heart". Still, such was our confidence in the virginal virtue of the "Spectator" that the following sentences were a distinct shock to our belief in morality—political morality, of course. "The interests of the Empire demand that the Imperial Parliament shall be relieved of some of the burthens now laid on it, and the direction in which we should first apply this lightening process is the domestic business of Ireland. The union between England and Scotland has not been weakened by the consideration which is paid to Scottish opinion in matters that properly belong to Scotland, and there is no reason to suppose that the union between Great Britain and Ireland would be any more interfered with by leaving much to be settled in Dublin which is now settled at Westminster." On reading these familiar and well-worn commonplaces we rubbed our eyes, and looked again to make quite sure that we had not taken up the "Speaker" by mistake for the "Spectator". But no: we held in our hand the trusted confidante of Devonshire House in all its prim precision of make-up. Our astonishment deepened as we read on. "We understand by Devolution . . . some kind of representative Council which shall concern itself with purely Irish affairs, and bring Irish administration into closer touch with Irish feelings and Irish wants". (*C'est le mot consacré.*) "We believe that it is quite possible to devise a body of this kind which shall in no way derogate from the authority of Parliament. It will merely relieve it of much that a local Council can do better, and give it more accurate information on the subjects on which it will still have to speak". We seemed to be wafted back by these old, unhappy words to the stormy summer nights of 1886 and 1892. Since when has the "Spectator" discovered that Ireland would be better governed by a Nationalist council at Dublin than by Parliament? Since when has it substituted Mr. O'Brien for the Duke of Devonshire as its political leader? Here is the final stab of the knitting-needle at the heart of the Union. "To sum up, as convinced Unionists we are less than ever disposed to be scared by the Devolution bogey. We refuse to believe that the present Government have the power, even if they had the will, to carry a Bill imperilling the Union. And, strange as it may sound to some Unionist ears, we hold that the retention of Sir Antony MacDonnell in office is not the least effective guarantee that the anti-Home Rule pledges given by leading Liberals at the General Election will be respected."

In all seriousness, does this Home Rule patter represent the views of the Devonshire Whigs? Does it express the opinions of any section of the Unionist party? Or is it merely the palinode of a paper whose lapse we are bound to lament? We are some of the "Unionist ears" to whom the words of our contemporary sound very "strange" indeed; and if we thought it voiced the sentiments of anyone but the editor of the "Spectator" we should say the union of the Unionist party was at an end. For under cover of phrases of unctuous rectitude this article is pure and undiluted Home Rule doctrine. Mr. Walter Long is the leader of the Irish Unionists, and is engaged in a vigorous endeavour to organise an opposition to the Home Rule Bill of the coming session. We leave it to the commonsense of our readers to decide whether writing of this kind, coming from a professed friend, from "convinced Unionists", is likely to strengthen or to weaken his hands. The "Spectator" has, of course, as good a

right as anybody else to change sides, and to join the party of place and power. The temptation has already proved too strong for many from whom we expected better things. We only ask that the change may be honestly avowed, for, like Lafontaine, we prefer a wise enemy to a foolish friend. "Convinced Unionism" of the new "Spectator" brand we reject as dangerous, because hypocritical. There is no worse form of literary insincerity than paltering with a plain issue of immense importance by the use of false analogies and double-edged language. Consideration is certainly paid by Parliament to Scottish opinion in matters that properly belong to Scotland; but that is an argument against, not for, "a representative Council" in Edinburgh. The Unionist party is not yet wholly reunited on the question of Tariff Reform. If it is going to be divided on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, then indeed the game is up, and an entire regrouping of parties will be necessary. It is for the Conservative leaders to stay the plague in time; and by taking up a firm and unequivocal attitude to save the Loyalists of Ireland from being sacrificed to Separation under the counterfeit label of Devolution.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

MR. BIRRELL'S speech to his constituents at Bristol illustrates the fact that what Radicals really care about is not social reform, but political revolution. Neither the Trades Disputes Bill nor the Education Bill arouses anything like the enthusiasm excited by the attempted disfranchisement of large classes of the well-to-do, and by the prospect of attacking the British Constitution in its most venerable and therefore most vulnerable part. It is now officially announced that after wasting a year over an abortive Plural Voters Bill and a rejected Education Bill, the next session is to be opened, not by any practical measures for the betterment of the people, not even by an Irish Home Rule Bill, but by an attack on the House of Lords. Mr. Birrell is, of course, too intelligent not to see the futility of shouting "Down with the Lords!" He recognises that, if anything is to be done, some rational and practical scheme for modifying the present constitution of two Chambers with equal powers over all legislation except Money Bills must be laid before the nation. Mr. Birrell does not give us any hint of what the scheme will be, or how it is to be carried into law without an appeal to the constituencies. Probably the reason for this reticence is "Ignorance, madam, sheer ignorance"; for we do not believe that the Cabinet has settled anything more definite than the proposition, things cannot go on as they are. It is true that Mr. Birrell said that the Government "must give the House of Lords an opportunity of reconsidering their judgment". Can this mean the reintroduction of the Education Bill? Surely not, for Mr. Birrell is going to Ireland, and no one could shepherd "My Bill" but Mr. Birrell. We have heard rumours that the Government mean to treat the Education question as a financial one, and send up a Money Bill which the House of Lords cannot amend. That would be rather clever, if somewhat inglorious, and would not show sport to the extreme Radicals. Like an abnormally large body, the present majority in the House of Commons is flabby and unhealthy, and craves for unnatural stimulants. There is no excitement so good for its valedudinarian habit as "going for" the House of Lords, a movement which demands no knowledge or reflection, merely a little vulgar jealousy. Not that we impute silly motives of class animosity to Mr. Birrell, who is a humourist, and pleasantly describes how he has been prevented from landing his fish "by a gang of poachers".

Unfortunately the withers of the House of Lords are not entirely unwrung: their conduct has not been free from mistakes. Some of the shafts of Mr. Birrell's sarcasm come very near a bull's-eye. The attitude of the House of Lords towards the Trades Disputes Bill was not "heroic". If the Lords were going to pass the Trades Disputes Bill, they should have held their peace as

to its demerits. But to denounce the Bill from alpha to omega, and then to pass it upon the explicit ground that its rejection might imperil their own privileges was surely undignified and unwise. The business of a Second Chamber is to pass good measures, to reject bad measures, and to amend those which are partly good and partly bad. But to make its own safety, not the public weal, the avowed quick of its conduct is "to give itself away". It is not often, luckily, that Lord Lansdowne commits so grave an error, we will not say of tactics, but of statesmanship. Nor can it be denied that during the long rule of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour the House of Lords showed itself complaisant or careless. It allowed stacks of Bills to be sent up to it from the Commons in August which it passed meekly, almost sub silentio. This was to abdicate its function as a revising Chamber, and to lower itself to the level of a party machine. If the House of Lords, as Lord Newton has said, had thrown out one or two Bills from a Conservative Government, it would be in a better position to defend its constitutional independence to-day. The capital mistake which Lord Lansdowne and his director Mr. Balfour are making in our judgment is the use of the House of Lords as an Opposition to the Government. The British sense of fair play is rather ruffled at the idea of Mr. Balfour, who hardly leads a hopeless minority in one Chamber, running across the lobby and ordering a victory in the other. If the majority of the peers are so foolish as to act like a party Opposition when the Liberals are in power, and like a partisan majority when the Conservatives are in power, then indeed their House is in danger—the constitutional anomaly is too glaring to be suffered even by an illogical and muddle-headed people. The right course for the Lords is to act as if they were not a partisan assembly, but a critical body composed of English gentlemen, of large means and established position, who approach politics, as Lord Salisbury once said, "in a spirit of good-humoured indifference". There is much loose talk afloat nowadays about a reform of the House of Lords. Such reform can only be effected by the Upper House itself, as Lord Rosebery has frequently urged upon his order. A wholesale creation of peers is out of the question, as the King would never consent. A revolution is equally outside the pale of practical politics, as Englishmen and Scotchmen do not like revolutions. But the House is undoubtedly too large, and it has often been suggested that, just as the Scotch peers meet before the beginning of a new Parliament and choose a certain number of their order to represent them until the next election, so the peers of the United Kingdom and of England might select representatives without admitting the principle of popular election, which is quite fatal to a Second Chamber. The serious objection to this plan is that it might, and probably would, make the inequality of parties more pronounced than ever. How could politics be kept out of the selection of representative peers? This point was taken the other day by the "Westminster Gazette" and it seems good. It is very difficult to see how the numbers of the Upper House can be reduced. There must be no nibbling at the hereditary element. It cannot be too often stated in these times that as a corrective of the passion and dishonesty of democracy the principle of hereditary status is of quite inestimable value. A popularly elected Second Chamber is merely a superfluity.

ANOTHER IRISH UNIVERSITY LITTER.

WE need waste no time in commenting on the fact that the issue of the deliberations of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the present state of Trinity College and the University of Dublin, and the steps proper to be taken to increase their usefulness, is in many respects inconclusive. Self-contradiction had become one of the ordinary phenomena of such investigations long before Lord Salisbury invented his phrase about a litter of reports. We have become accustomed to reports which, like the present one, have no finality, and to conclusions by which, like that

of "Rasselas", nothing is concluded. Why cannot the principle of Cabinet solidarity be applied to the counsels of Royal Commissions? Lord Melbourne's practical maxim that the nature of a decision is of much less importance than the fact that a definite decision has been arrived at is eminently applicable to the consultations of these bodies. If it were acted on, brilliant Prime Ministers with a taste for caustic epigram would no longer be able to find sufficient excuse for ignoring their suggestions by coining a convenient and contemptuous phrase.

In the case of Ireland, where no two people seem ever to agree about anything, the fissiparous tendencies of Royal Commissions are naturally manifested under exceptionally favourable conditions; and in connexion with the University question a new principle of cleavage has accordingly been discovered. Thus the basis of a most harmonious intellectual symposium is reached by the simple process of agreeing to differ. The Commission unanimously signs a report from which the Commissioners, singly or in a perplexing variety of impossible combinations, express their joint and several dissents. In the case of Lord Robertson's Commission, which reported three or four years ago on the general question of University Education in Ireland, all but one of the Commissioners agreed to a report, with which all but one of them—not the same one—recorded their disagreement on some more or less vital point. And the President of the Commission headed the list of the dissenters from the recommendation of a Federal University, to which he had, doubtless not without the exercise of much tact and management, procured the assent of his colleagues, by pointing out that, however admirable the scheme, it could not possibly be accepted, since it admittedly failed to satisfy those whose satisfaction was most indispensable, the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The Commission presided over by Sir Edward Fry has followed this novel principle, but it has worked it out in a slightly different way. Its nine members have concurred in a report of which the principal feature is the recommendation that a new college acceptable to Roman Catholics should be founded in Dublin. But the Commission is hopelessly divided on the question of the character of that college. Accordingly, while four of the Commissioners are in favour of so remodelling the University that it shall include Trinity College, a new Roman Catholic college, and the three Queen's Colleges, four of their colleagues proceed to demonstrate in a series of "Notes" the difficulties and disadvantages of that solution; while the remaining member, who is at once the representative of Trinity College and of lay Roman Catholic opinion on the Royal Commission, dissents from the conclusions of all his fellows, and finds, in language remarkably concise, that "the demand for the establishment of a college for Catholics in Dublin is unreasonable," and could not be conceded without grave injury to the interests of Irish lay Catholics, and grave danger, at no distant date, to the peace of the country.

We confess that to those who like ourselves have long yearned to see this question settled this inability of the latest of many Royal Commissions to arrive at a working and workmanlike solution of the difficulty is deeply disappointing. We have always been of the opinion, which Lord Robertson so succinctly expressed in his report, that the *raison d'être* of any such settlement must be that it will satisfy the Roman Catholics, or those who determine Roman Catholic opinion in such matters. Roman Catholic opinion has been expressed in a clear and definite form by the Roman Catholic hierarchy who have stated in the most explicit manner that they would be prepared to accept any one of three solutions—viz. (1) a University for Catholics; (2) a new college in the University of Dublin; (3) a new college in the Royal University. The Robertson Commission did not find in favour of any of these solutions; but its suggestion for the reconstitution of the Royal University in the form of a Federal University with constituent colleges showed a strong preference for the third. The second course is that to which Sir Edward Fry's Commission comes nearest to approving. For ourselves, had we the power to legislate, we should adopt the first. No part of the present report seems to us weaker than the para-

graph which deals with the expedient of a new University in Dublin; and we are far from being convinced that this expedient is not possible. A liberally endowed University constituted on lines approved by the Irish bishops would have the great advantage of giving to the Roman Catholics that which they are entitled to claim, a University adequate to their aspirations, and at the same time consonant with the educational views of those who, as things stand in Ireland, must be held to be best entitled to speak for Irish Roman Catholics. Yet it would leave untouched and unimpaired the venerable but vigorous foundation to whose efficiency as "a noble institution for the maintenance of sound learning not unworthy of its great traditions" the Commissioners pay a unanimous tribute. But the choice between these three ways is relatively unimportant. What is essential is that one of them should be chosen. For it is clear that there is no fourth. Those who hold by the old theory of undenominational education must admit that it is not that way the solution lies. Even if they are encouraged by the fact that, in the language of the report, "there is a considerable body of Roman Catholic laymen who would gladly send their sons to Trinity College if they could do so with the approbation of their Church", their satisfaction can hardly survive the declaration of the Irish bishops, in a statement submitted to the Royal Commission, "that they would on no account accept any scheme of mixed education in Trinity College". That being so it is surely time that those whose ideals in one direction or another are hindered of attainment by the conflict of opposing opinions should try to be practical and to see things as they really are; and that they should cease, as Edmund Burke has somewhere put it, to refuse their assent to a course which is proper and practicable, even if it be not the best, because some other course has been suggested which though more proper is less practicable. The Report of the Royal Commission is disappointing in so far as it fails to find decisively in favour of any clear course. Nevertheless the solution of this long-vexed question must be held to have been brought at least a step nearer by the cumulative testimony of all sorts and conditions of men as to the inadequacy of the existing system of University education in Ireland to cope with the needs of the nation. But the question is no longer one for Royal Commissions, however distinguished. It is a question for statesmen. And it is a grave reflection on the results of our party system that while men of all shades of opinion are agreed in calling for reform, and statesmen so wide apart from each other on other questions as Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley have been coerced by their Irish experiences to the conviction of the necessity for meeting the Roman Catholic demand, no minister of either party has had the courage to enter on the path which leads to the fulfilment of what men of all parties professedly desire to accomplish.

THE CITY.

SIR FELIX SCHUSTER, presiding at the half-yearly general meeting of the Union of London and Smith's Bank, admirably described the year 1906 as "one of unprecedented commercial and industrial activity, of consequent great demands and high rates for money in the principal financial centres, of disappointment in the stock markets, and of depreciation in the prices of investment securities of the highest class". It seems to be a curious compensatory law of political economy that as wealth accumulates in one direction, it dwindles away in another. It has come now to be a financial axiom that when trade is good the stock markets are bad. This is disappointing to the operator; but as Sir Felix Schuster said "trade is the moving force" in national prosperity, while finance and the Stock Exchange are ancillary. We should be disposed to say that buoyant stock markets follow, but do not accompany, a boom in trade. It is difficult to realise that so recently as September last the Bank rate was 3½ per cent. Sir Felix looks to the increasing volume of trade and more particularly to the larger output of gold to prevent any recurrence

to a 6 per cent. rate, though he did not hold out any hopes of a return to $3\frac{1}{2}$ or even 4 per cent. One other remark this very able financier made which has attracted great attention both in London and New York. Sir Felix Schuster said that "signs were not wanting that the great activity" in the United States, "accompanied by high values in real estate and all commodities, including stocks, was probably nearing its end, and according to some good judges a period of liquidation was at hand". This prophecy has created something like a sensation in Wall Street. But Sir Felix added, "How this would be accomplished did not appear clear". It certainly is not clear how the handful of magnates who hold the railway and industrial stocks in such enormous blocks, and who control Wall Street, can liquidate, unless they can create a bull market first. The speculators must have liquidated largely last week, for the fall in the prices of market favourites such as Canadian and Union Pacifics, Milwaukees and Steel Commons was very severe. We are heartily sick of hearing about an increase in the dividend on Steel Commons, and shall believe it when we see it. Notwithstanding the enormous earnings of the past year and the current quarter we read that there is to be no increase in the quarterly steel dividend. In America the ordinary stockholder is a negligible quantity: dividends are passed, reduced, or increased to suit the books of the magnates.

The Californian Oilfields, Limited, is a company which was formed in 1901 by the celebrated firm of Balfour, Williamson and Co. Its net profits have risen from £6,021 in 1903 to £71,047 in 1905, and for the first half of 1906 to £45,483, which is at the rate of £90,000 a year. This enormous increase in revenue is not so surprising when we find that the output of petroleum has risen from 209,866 barrels in 1903 to 3,365,006 barrels in 1905, and that the company has now forty-two producing oil-wells. The company is now issuing £300,000 debentures (5 per cent.) at £97 10s. It only takes £15,000 to pay this interest, leaving about £75,000 revenue to fall back upon. If oil-fields were not proverbially deceptive, and the strongest "gushers" apt to dry up, we should say that this was a first-class industrial bond, amply secured. As it is, we cannot say more than that it is a very tempting speculative investment, managed by first-rate business men.

Pekin Syndicate shares naturally dropped to £8 on the gloomy report published by the directors. A curse seems to hang over this ill-starred venture. When one remembers the blare of trumpets with which the Pekin Syndicate was brought into the world by the obstetric hand of Mr. Carl Meyer, at that time in the Rothschilds, one cannot help moralising over "the follies of the wise". A little over a year ago Pekins were at £25 and Shansis at 23s. 6d. To-day Pekins are at £8 and Shansis at 11s. Has the Pekin Syndicate got a valuable coal property or not? That shafts have been put down in wrong places is the common accident of all mining enterprises. But then in that case why do not the directors try another district? If there is a moral to be drawn from the collapse of Pekins it is that big City names do not spell success. Kaffir shares remain undecided, like Messrs. Smuts and Solomon. The bears in the Siberian market have discovered that they are not "on their native heath". It is now ascertained that the crowd at the back of Siberian Props and its subsidiaries are very rich men, and there is not the least chance of another collapse. Whether there are any short accounts still open the next settlement alone can show. Australian Deep Leads still continue to be a rotten market, although, if we are to believe Messrs. Bewick, Moreing, Prentice, Ehrlich and their satellites, we are within a few days of most sensational discoveries of wealth.

INSURANCE: THE MOST SUITABLE POLICY.

IN selecting a life assurance policy a great many people fail to obtain the full benefit from the money they pay because they select a form of policy not suited to the circumstances they desire to meet. It is often the case that a man's main object in taking a policy is

to make provision for some one person; it may be a wife or a daughter. The best way of doing this is not to take an ordinary policy under which the sum assured is paid at death, since the investment of, say, £1,000 is not an easy or safe proceeding for the average woman. Money is easily lost by the inexperienced, either through mistakes or frauds, while if it is invested in some gilt-edged security the rate of interest yielded by it is small, and the capital is left at the death of the beneficiary; whereas it would often be better for her to have had a larger income during life and leave no capital at her death.

It is of course always possible, when the policy is paid in cash, for the amount to be invested in an annuity, but this gives rise to a good deal of uncertainty as to the amount of the income. If the assured dies soon and the annuity is bought when the beneficiary is young, the amount of the annuity may be very small in proportion to the price paid for it; although if the assured lives long and the annuity is bought when the beneficiary is old the income may be large. It is much more satisfactory in such circumstances to eliminate these uncertainties and provide for a fixed income to commence at the death of the assured and continue throughout the whole lifetime of the beneficiary. As an example of such a policy a man of forty-two, whose wife is thirty-six, can secure an annuity of £100 a year, payable half-yearly so long as the widow survives her husband, for a premium during the husband's life of £33 10s. a year. It may be arranged that in the event of the wife dying before the husband all the premiums paid are returned.

Such survivorship annuities as these can be bought, if desired, by a limited number of annual payments, the annuity commencing either at the death of the husband or at the end of a fixed number of years with the proviso that if the husband dies within this period the annuity commences at his death. This is only one example out of many that might be given of the advantages to be derived from considering the probable conditions that it is most important to meet. To some extent whatever difficulty there is may be got over by policies that give a variety of methods of settlement which can be determined when the policy becomes a claim.

Among the best of such options is that contained in the new form of policy determined by the laws of the State of New York and now being issued by the American life offices. This provides that, instead of the sum assured being taken in cash, it may, at the option of the beneficiary, be taken in annual payments. The policies in the Mutual of New York provide for the certain payment of twenty annual instalments to some one or other, while if the beneficiary survives the assured by more than twenty years these instalments continue at the same rate during the entire lifetime of the beneficiary. The amount of the instalments depends upon the age of the beneficiary at the time the policy becomes a claim. This system is not open to the objection sometimes felt to the purchase of a life annuity: if for instance a beneficiary were in bad health it would be foolish for the policy moneys to be used in the purchase of an annuity; but the guarantee of the payment of instalments for twenty years certainly effectually disposes of this objection, while leaving the beneficiary the certainty of an income for life. Of course, if the beneficiary is in good health the sum assured can be drawn in cash and used to purchase an annuity, which, if it ceases at the death of the beneficiary, would be for a larger amount than if it had to be paid for twenty years in any event. The adaptability of life assurance to all sorts of different circumstances is practically unlimited, and the advantages it offers become much greater when care is taken to select the particular form of policy best suited to each case.

THE PROPHET AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

DURING the eruptions in the Antilles in May 1902, and again after the San Francisco earthquake in May of last year, we attempted to show the relation of those manifestations of earth-force to the broader features of earth-anatomy. We represented the earth's crust as fissured into a number of blocks, each tending

to "seek the centre out", but sinking at diverse rates; some, such as the North Atlantic, South Atlantic and Pacific blocks, sink towards it the most rapidly, while others, sinking least rapidly, form the four great continental blocks of Eurasia, Africa, and the Americas. Where the larger blocks meet are smaller ones, and a notable one is the depression of the Caribbean Sea with the small elevated blocks of the Antilles at its outer border. Here, at the meeting-place of the greatest lines of strain on the earth's surface, is a region of constant movement and of excessive movement. Here in Jamaica, for example, is one of the few places on this earth where, within fairly late geological times, deposits have been raised from ocean abyss to mountain summit. Small wonder that, following on recent earth-movements along the backbone of the two Americas and the long-continued eruptions in the Lesser Antilles, there should at last have ensued a disturbance in Jamaica. It is too early to speak definitely as to the origin and cause of the disturbance, but it appears that there has been considerable sinking along the sea-edge of the upraised Jamaican block, and we may suppose that this has been in preparation for some years by the drain of underlying material towards the active volcanoes. The sudden snap at the edges where the raised block and the depressed area meet caused the shock of the earthquake, and was followed by the foundering of the floor with the forcing-up of mud along the crack. Kingston itself stands, or stood, on loose rocks of recent formation; it was not these that snapped, but the underlying harder rocks, while the grinding-up of the soft rocks produced the mud-flow.

With our general knowledge of the region, and with the memory of Port Royal, all this might have been predicted. But no man could have foretold the day or the hour of the earthquake's coming. "Professor Novack," it is true, has seized the occasion once more to vaunt in the "Times" the merits of his weather-plant, which not only forecasts weather but predicts earthquakes, and he states that, lecturing at Havana in 1906, he "said that a catastrophe would occur in Jamaica in a few years". Rather vague, but then he had run out of Abrus plants; when he has them in working order he will "be able to predict, not only the nature and the locality of any catastrophe, but also its exact date from twenty-four to twenty-eight days in advance". The "professor" must have improved since the time when a thorough examination of his methods was made at Kew Gardens, with the result that his predictions were almost invariably found to be falsified by the event. Setting such wonders aside, it may be definitely asserted that our knowledge is not as yet enough to enable us to foretell any earthquake. Even the wind that preceded the Jamaican shock was no sign, for every attempt to connect disturbances of the atmosphere with those of the crust has broken down. "After the wind an earthquake . . . and after the earthquake a fire"; but if the fire is the result of the earthquake, we cannot say the earthquake is the result of the wind. The most that we can do is to mark out certain areas as liable to shock, and to be on our guard so long as their equilibrium appears unsettled.

Possibly, as we acquire more certain knowledge of the earth's interior, when we have mapped all lines of faulting with greater exactness, and when we have placed on a surer basis our theoretical explanations of the changes that have taken place in the shape of the globe, then we may attempt prediction with more confidence. We are beginning to understand the factors that control the situation, but they are so numerous that as yet we can strike no balance between them. None the less the enormous advance in seismology effected of late years can but encourage us to further efforts, not merely in the cause of science but to the practical benefit of mankind.

The earthquake areas have long been known, but during periods of relative quiet men grow careless. Now, from a succession of catastrophes, they seem likely to be over-afraid. They see, as they think, the foundations of the earth tottering and the stability of all things shaken. There have been before now periods of unrest in the history of our globe; may it not be that we are entering on another? There does not seem

to be any good reason for these fears. Our earth is always groaning and travailing. The seismograph knows "nulla dies sine linea". Turn to Whitaker and read the lists of the more obvious earthquakes and eruptions for each year. You will be astonished to find how many, and great ones too, you have never heard of. A shock in Turkestan is registered on the seismographs of the world; but who cares? The Arabs fold their tents and no one is the worse. A slighter shock in Lima, and walls are shattered to dust. Still, even Lima is not much to us. But when by chance the earthquake centre is near a Charlestown, a San Francisco, or a Kingston, then a world throbs in sympathy. Nowadays, too, we learn of much that formerly was spared to our intelligence. There are more centres of population to be shaken, and in each of them special correspondents ready to seize on every ghastly detail. The true conclusion then may be, not that the world gets more tottery as it contracts, but that it grows smaller.

AN ENIGMA OF OUR TIME.

ONE by one, the mysterious figures about whom our grandfathers used to speculate, with a pleasing sense that the final word would never be uttered, have been stripped of their mystery. We know now who was the man in the iron mask, and who Junius was; and even Mr. W. H. is obvious enough. For a few years the flitting figure of Fiona Macleod afforded us some mild sport. That figure is unveiled. The English-speaking race will be grateful to any one who supplies it with a mystery. So who, I ask with emphasis, who is Breanski, A. de, R.B.A.?

You hasten to look him up in "Who's Who". You find "Breanski, A. de, R.B.A."—that and no more. It was in "Who's Who", many years ago, that his name was first made known to me. And, ever since, to every new issue of that expansive volume I have been attracted by the hope that there would be some amplification of that entry—some ray of light upon that darkness. Year by year, I have been disappointed, though not, certainly, so disappointed as I should have been if I had found the darkness altogether dissipated.

He must be a man of strange character, this Mr. Breanski. In the midst of a garrulous multitude, he does but admit the fact of his existence on this planet. England has no lack of strong silent men. Yet even a man so strongly silent as Lord Kitchener occupies the third of a column in our annual Valhalla. His "Educ.", his campaigns, the honours that have come to him, his "Publications", and various other appurtenances of his life, he—as it were, smilingly—reveals to us. In all the hierarchy of celebrated heroes and obscure heroes, Mr. Breanski alone is unbending, and, either through excessive humility or through excessive pride, or maybe for some dark good reason of his own, refuses to occupy more space than is occupied by such modest entries as "Cross, family name of Viscount Cross".

It is as though a painter, asked to supply the Uffizi with a portrait of himself, painted on the canvas nothing but a dim, small, shapeless shadow. Standing not long ago in that gallery, my heart went out to those painter-sitters. Not one of them, from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, but looked uncomfortable, seeming to feel acutely that he was in a false position. You may have noticed that when a man looks in the glass, he always assumes a slightly defiant expression, as though challenging himself to assert that he looks a day older or a shade uglier than he is. How much sharper must this defiance be when the image beheld in the mirror is to be fixed in perpetuity as a document for all mankind! The painter's task is complicated by the fact that the painted image will subsequently be staring not himself but all mankind in the face. He is probably a mild and modest man, with no contempt for humanity at large. He does not wish to scowl, and flash his eyes at us. He wants us to know how agreeable a creature he was in despite of his greatness. Even if he is a brute, and looks like a brute, he wishes posterity to suppose he was charming. But it is impossible to look agreeable at one's own reflection,

especially if one is hard at work on it. And so the painter cannot really work direct from the life. He has to imagine the expression he wants to fix. And so he falls between two stools. Of the self-portraits in the Uffizi many are masterpieces in painting, no doubt; but not one of them has the air of a successful portrait. Nowhere do we say "This was the man". Everywhere our heart goes out to a gentleman in difficulties.

Very similar is the emotion that we have in reading books of autobiography. Some of the writers were evidently dishonest; others were not less evidently trying to be honest. In either case they were evidently uncomfortable; and the would-be honest ones are hardly more convincing than the determined liars. I should say that Cellini and Casanova were trying to tell the truth; and they succeeded, doubtless, in telling a good deal of it. But even they, we feel, were guilty of plenteous reservations and falsifications. Neither, probably, was quite such a devil of a fellow as he made out; and, on the other hand, each had done certain little bad actions which not even he would confess to us. Of all autobiographies, Pepys' is the best, for the simple reason that we have no business to read it: it was not intended for our eyes. But even Pepys, we fancy, did not always set down for himself the whole truth about himself. What man would? Yes, even Pepys posed. And as for the average autobiographer, who, unlike either of the Italians whom I have mentioned, wishes to be remembered as a wholly edifying person, and, at the same time, as a conspicuously modest one—what words shall express our pity and contempt for him? Heaven defend us from the snare of autobiography!

Even our slight contributions to "Who's Who" make us uncomfortable. It is impossible to write them in such a way as shall do justice to ourselves without seeming boastful. Suppose that you are an ardent sportsman and athlete. You dip your pen in the ink and write "*Recreations*: fox-hunting, shooting, angling, driving, football (Rugby and Association), cricket, fives, rackets, golf, base-ball, &c." It is all perfectly true, but—is it "for you to say"? You read it over several times, and then cut out the "&c.", which anon you restore. You know quite well that the general reader will regard you as an impostor. He will picture you as a constant sitter at the fireside, and keen player of halma. And so, perhaps, with a great effort of will, you delete the whole list, and leave the public to despise you as one who has no taste for any sort of pastime whatsoever, or to be appalled by you as one whose pastimes are such that he must draw a veil over them, or to dislike you as a haughty person. Would it not, you wonder, be better to ask the editor to omit your name altogether? You have half a mind to do that. But you dare not actually do it. You shrink from inclusion in that submerged tenth which is not included in "Who's Who".

Even Breanski dares not efface himself utterly. But his parentage, his age, his "*Educ.*", and all those other details on which the normal egoist is tempted to touch lightly, or heavily, Breanski coldly leaves to our imagination. He shines like a brilliant flash of silence in a chatty world, and, when once he catches your eye, you are blinded ever after to all that is around him. He for ever haunts you. Who—what—is Breanski? And how comes he to be so coy? His name smacks of Poland. Is he perhaps "wanted" by the myrmidons of the Tsar? That would account for the secrecy of his whereabouts; but not for his refusal to uncover any other detail of his life—to vouchsafe any hint but that which lurks in the three mystic initials appended to his name. Does R.B.A. imply some post under Government? Is there, unknown to the public at large, and unmentioned in the estimates laid before Parliament, a Recorder of Beautiful Actions, to brighten the sombre archives of Scotland Yard, and to restore, from time to time, the Chief Commissioner's ever-failing faith in human nature? Or is Breanski the holder of some quaint old courtly sinecure, relic of the fantastic past? Is he Reader to the Blind Albatross, or something of that sort? Whitaker does not mention him. I sometimes think that R.B.A. is but a cabalistic explanation of Breanski's silence about himself, and

means that he dwells in space, and does nothing, but simply *is*, and has no age, no birth-place, no parentage, for that he was never born, but simply *became*. I cherish the theory that he was never born, because of its corollary that he will never die, and will be baffling our children's children as exquisitely as he baffles us.

MAX BEERBOHM.

FOREIGN MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

SPLENDID on the side of English art, the present Winter Exhibition at Burlington House is weaker than usual in foreign masters. This is not surprising, when we consider that this is the thirty-eighth of these exhibitions, and that the riches even of English private collections are not inexhaustible. It is true that there are a number of fine and interesting things among the Italian, Flemish and Dutch pictures; but too many bad and doubtful works have been admitted, which bring down the average, and it is difficult to understand the principle of choice or the standard applied.

In the first room there are one or two paintings of particular interest. Let us look, for instance, at the most beautiful of them, No. 28, lent by Mr. Fairfax Murray. The "*Toilet of Venus*" it is called; yet why invoke the royalty of a goddess for this fair woman? Happily the painter, whether he conceived her as a Venus or not, has not encumbered her with Cupids or Graces, with toys and symbols or trite insignia; he has left her undistracted and solitary in this almost bare room, the window beside her opening on as solitary a landscape, thatched farms and towers and trees, with hills beyond, under the silvery lights of a broken sky. Only a small round mirror adorns the green wall against which she sits, reflecting with a paler blond the gold of her hair, the coils of which behind her neck are caught into a bag of rich brocade. She herself with a languid but absorbed contentment holds up a mirror to her face. The subject is one which has charmed in all ages and countries; and not many painters of beauty at her toilet have treated it with more felicity than the inventor of this delightfully unpretentious design, though a certain timidity in it suggests less the master Bellini, whose name it bears, than one of the school. A similar picture, at Vienna, is there called Bissolo. The colour is pure Venetian; if not of the richest or most radiant, it is exquisite in its quality. Turn for a moment to its near neighbour, a *Circumcision* by Bartolommeo Veneto. Those who treasure in their recollections some of the fascinating and a little fantastic single figures by this rare painter, such as the half-length at Frankfort with the long ringlets of pale gold hair, will be disappointed to find Bartolommeo the author of this disconnected, even ugly work. The composition follows traditional lines in this subject; but how different is the effect from that which Mantegna will get from a similar pressure of figures into a crowded space, relying on this very concentration to enforce the imaginative effect. When our eyes return to the "*Toilet of Venus*", they are instantly relieved and delighted. The one picture only interests when we fix our attention on some part of it and find some personal trace of Bartolommeo the artist in the turn of this head or the expression of that; but the other picture charms at once before we realise it as a subject; it has rhythm and repose, which are only enhanced when we look deeper into it.

No doubt the use of an unbroken space as a positive factor in the design contributes much to the decorative effect. The full Renaissance lost this secret. The crowded complexity which appears as mere awkwardness in the Bartolommeo "*Circumcision*" becomes soon the regular problem and pursuit of painters, swept away by the dominant trend of research for relief and the illusion of the third dimension, together with intense interest in movement, to which the art of Florence, culminating in Michael Angelo, gave overpowering impetus. We in our day have turned again in some measure to the earlier way of seeing things; at least the quest of decorative value has strong influence in the painting of the present. But the weakness of artists who realise the paramount value of what, inadequately enough, we call decorative qualities, is that they pursue this aim too consciously

and are always in danger of emptiness. The artist of the "Toilet of Venus" had not, I think, the decorative spacing of his design uppermost in his mind; he was intent rather on the material of his subject, on expressing the contour of the shapely body, so at ease with itself, and the absorbed natural pose; it was an instinctive power in him, inherited in great part from the habit of earlier art, which controlled the material to its decorative use. And then, though the wall is bare, what a delight to the eye is the deep, living green that fills the space! It is here, in quality, that our modern methods are so apt to fail.

Opposite hangs a portrait by the German Lucidel, which also charms us by something in its way exceptional among the art of its time. It is a light-coloured picture, and yet in no way garish. A placid, sensible young lady of Nuremberg is portrayed in a dress of white and soft crimson, with which the tender pale grey of the background makes a delightful harmony. Such a picture makes us feel by contrast how needlessly heavy and hard in colour are so many pictures of the sixteenth century; we feel it when we glance at the pallid blackness of the melancholy profile of a lady by Ambrogio de Predis hanging near.

Lord Darnley's "Portrait of a Young Man" is one of those paintings that seem to be the work of a Germanised Italian or an Italianised German. The blue background suggests Germany, but the head can only be by an Italian. Holbein's name is given to the "Portrait of a Lady" which hangs in the centre of this wall. Certainly it is very near to Holbein, so near as to suggest its being founded on a drawing of that master. But that it is by Holbein's own hand I cannot believe. Something is wanting; it is difficult to define precisely what; but the design has not quite that extraordinary sense of largeness in a little space which Holbein gives, we miss the subtlety with which he places a head within the frame, and the drawing is not informed throughout with that mental weight and force which the master himself communicates one knows not how. And yet, how fine a portrait, how beautiful a picture!

There are one or two more most interesting things in this room; the pale, pathetic baby Dauphin, set mournfully against a rich brocaded curtain, said to be by the early French master whose masterpiece in the Glasgow Gallery is familiar to all of us; Lady Wantage's charming little Madonna by one of the Botticelli group; a Concert, vaguely called Venetian School, but striking the cool notes of Brescian colour; and the portrait of Lord Burghley, by Mark Gheraarts, a face worn by thought and scheming to a sort of transparent mask.

In the second room everyone is arrested at once by a magnificent Frans Hals. It is said to be the portrait of De Ruyter; and there is enough resemblance to the great admiral's features to make the name plausible. Yet I think a comparison with the undoubted portrait by Blooteling will leave little doubt that this picture represents a different man, rather shorter in the face, less massive in the brow, less mobile and less commanding in expression. Moreover, it is hardly likely that De Ruyter would be painted in civilian dress. It is a pity, because one would like so splendid a portrait to be that of a man whose deeds we know of. Perhaps Hals is really at his best in groups like the famous series at Haarlem, where the convivial element has free play; the side of a man which comes out in such gatherings is that which appeals to Hals. He is no brooder, nor at home with solitary souls, as Rembrandt is. But how superbly he carries out what he means to do! We get the same delight from his triumphant instinctive mastery as from a fine cricketer's confident play, or the voice of a consummate singer taking a difficult note with perfect ease. Hals "hits his bird on the wing", as Northcote once said of him. Another Hals, this time of the painter himself, is also here, and from the same collection—Lord Spencer's, who contributes indeed most of the finer things in the exhibition. This does not make a felicitous picture as a whole, the airless landscape with its sombre pines cuts awkwardly into the design and makes the flesh-tints violent and over-florid by contrast; but the head of course is of the utmost force and life.

Hals' one superior among his countrymen is not

seen to special advantage; though we should marvel at the old lady's portrait lent by Sir George Donaldson, did we not remember others even more magical in subtlety and tenderness and power. The pathetic charm of the young boy, probably Rembrandt's own Titus, lightly painted in colours that inevitably recall Velazquez, will fascinate everyone. The picture called "Rembrandt's Cook" is accepted by all the authorities, I believe, as the master's work, yet I should like to be bold and suggest the possibility that Karel Fabritius, or some one who at one time or another got as near to Rembrandt, may be really the author of this painting. In any case I feel a difference; if it be by Rembrandt, Rembrandt is here not quite himself.

LAURENCE BINYON.

BAUDELAIRE IN HIS LETTERS.

BAUDELAIRE is little known and much misunderstood in England. Only one English writer has ever done him justice, or said anything adequate about him. As long ago as 1862 Mr. Swinburne introduced Baudelaire to English readers: in the columns of the "Spectator", it is amusing to remember. In 1868 he added a few more words of just and subtle praise in his book on Blake, and in the same year wrote the magnificent elegy on his death, "Ave atque Vale". Since that time I do not remember anyone but Mr. Saintsbury who has said a sensible word about him. There have been, from the time of Buchanan onward, occasional outbreaks of irrelevant abuse or contempt, and the name of Baudelaire (generally mis-spelled) is the journalist's handiest brickbat for hurling at random in the name of respectability. One little book of translations from the "Fleurs du Mal" has indeed appeared in the course of the last year, and the translator, Mr. Sturm, has prefaced his book by a very sympathetic introduction. Curiously enough no fewer than three people, two of them strangers to me, have recently sent me samples of similar translations; one, the work of a young musician, of remarkable quality. And I hear that a book on Baudelaire is being written. Does all this mean that we are waking up, over here, to the consciousness of one of the great literary forces of the age, a force which has been felt in every other country but ours?

It would be a useful influence for us. Baudelaire desired perfection, and we have never realised that perfection is a thing to aim at. He only did what he could do supremely well, and he was in poverty all his life, not because he would not work, but because he would work only at certain things, the things which he could hope to do to his own satisfaction. Of the men of letters of our age he was the most scrupulous. He spent his whole life in writing one book of verse (out of which all French poetry has come since his time), one book of prose in which prose becomes a fine art, some criticism which is the sanest, subtlest, and surest which his generation produced, and a translation which is better than a marvellous original. What would French poetry be to-day if Baudelaire had never existed? As different a thing from what it is as English poetry would be without Rossetti. Neither of them is quite among the greatest poets, but they are more fascinating than the greatest, they influence more minds. And Baudelaire was an equally great critic. He discovered Poe, Wagner, and Manet. Where even Sainte-Beuve, with his vast materials, his vast general talent for criticism, went wrong in contemporary judgments, Baudelaire was infallibly right. He wrote neither verse nor prose with ease, but he would not permit himself to write either without inspiration. His work is without abundance, but it is without waste. It is made out of his whole intellect and all his nerves. Every poem is a train of thought and every essay is the record of sensation. This "romantic" had something classic in his moderation, a moderation which becomes at times as terrifying as Poe's logic. To "cultivate one's hysteria" so calmly, and to affront the reader ("Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère!") as a judge rather than as a penitent; to be a casuist in

confession; to be so much a moralist, with so keen a sense of the ecstasy of evil: that has always bewildered the world, even in his own country, where the artist is allowed to live as experimentally as he writes. Baudelaire lived and died solitary, secret, a confessor of sins who has never told the whole truth, "le mauvais moine" of his own sonnet, an ascetic of passion, a hermit of the brothel.

To understand, not Baudelaire, but what we can of him, we must read, not only the four volumes of his collected works, but every document in Crépét's "Œuvres Posthumes," and that étude biographique which is about to be re-issued by Messein in an extended form; and, above all, the letters, and these have only now been collected into a volume,* under the care of an editor who has done more for Baudelaire than anyone since Crépét. Baudelaire put into his letters only what he cared to reveal of himself at a given moment: he has a different angle to distract the sight of every observer; and let no one think that he knows Baudelaire when he has read the letters to Poulet-Malassis, the friend and publisher, to whom he showed his business side, or the letters to la Présidente, the touchstone of his "spleen et idéal," his chief experiment in the higher sentiments. Some of his carefully hidden virtues peep out at moments, it is true, but nothing that everybody has not long been aware of. We hear of his ill-luck with money, with proof-sheets, with his own health. The tragedy of the life which he chose, as he chose all things (poetry, Jeanne Duval, the "artificial paradises") deliberately, is made a little clearer to us; we can moralise over it if we like. But the man remains baffling, and will probably never be discovered.

As it is, much of the value of the book consists in those glimpses into his mind and intentions which he allowed people now and then to see. Writing to Sainte-Beuve, to Flaubert, to Soulayr, he sometimes lets out, through mere sensitiveness to an intelligence capable of understanding him, some little interesting secret. Thus it is to Sainte-Beuve that he defines and explains the origin and real meaning of the "Petits Poèmes en Prose": "Faire cent bagatelles laborieuses qui exigent une bonne humeur constante (bonne humeur nécessaire, même pour traiter des sujets tristes), une excitation bizarre qui a besoin de spectacles, de foules, de musiques, de réverbères même, voilà ce que j'ai voulu faire!" And, writing to some obscure person, he will take the trouble to be even more explicit, as in this symbol of the sonnet: "Avez-vous observé qu'un morceau de ciel aperçu par un soupirail, ou entre deux cheminées, deux rochers, ou par une arcade, donnait une idée plus profonde de l'infini que le grand panorama vu du haut d'une montagne?" It is to another casual person that he speaks out still more intimately (and the occasion of his writing is some thrill of gratitude towards one who had at last done "a little justice", not to himself, but to Manet): "Eh bien! on m'accuse, moi, d'imiter Edgar Poe! Savez-vous pourquoi j'ai si patiemment traduit Poe? Parce qu'il me ressemblait. La première fois que j'ai ouvert un livre de lui, j'ai vu, avec épouvante et ravissement, non seulement des sujets rêvés par moi, mais des phrases, pensées par moi, et écrites par lui, vingt ans auparavant." It is in such glimpses as these that we see something of Baudelaire in his letters.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A CLEAR GREEN.†

"A CLEAR FIRE, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game" was the wish of Mrs. Battle, and many are the golfers to-day who would sum up their earthly desires in a paraphrase "A bright spring day, a sound turf, and a close match". The two latter will assure the rigour of the game, for it was only with the growth of golf in unsuitable places that the insidious habit of picking up the ball began to creep

in; so often was it necessary either to disinter the ball from its envelope of mud or to gather it from a hedge or a tree that gradually men came to think they were entitled to meet all their difficulties in this easy fashion. Of course on private courses in the summer where it is hardly feasible to keep a fairway mown and rolled, it is perhaps the best game to agree that any ball may be teed up within a club's length of where it lies, provided it is not in a defined bunker, but that is not golf, only a substitute. In the older days of golf we hear little of the duties of the greenkeeper; holes had to be cut and the greens mown and rolled occasionally, otherwise his duties seem only to have included the filling up of iron scrapes with sand. But with the great rise of golf all this changed; inland links had to be mown from end to end, the greens grew the wrong kind of grass and worms were an endless trouble, and with the influx of numerous members in the habit of spending money on their amusements, a new attitude towards the green grew up. A man accustomed to a trim shaven park course, where a sharp line divided the uncouth margin from the well-groomed fairway, even though the quality of the turf was such that the ball never did sit up in kindly fashion, was bitterly resentful of the casual irregularities and general informal rough and tumble, often within reach of a fairly-hit ball, which characterised the natural links he frequented in his weekends and his holiday times.

Even putting aside this baneful desire to make golf a machine-made game where the punishment always fits the crime, many difficulties were to be met with on the links started on the Southern and Eastern coasts of England, which had been little known in the more classic homes of the game. With the lower rainfall and the more parching sun the turf, though of the true links quality, was short of substance and soon began to fail under the stress of many players; the greens in particular withered up and failed in the run of dry seasons from 1893 onwards.

Something had to be done, especially as there was a pretty keen competition to gain and to retain members, and green committees began to be very active; it was the reign of the amateur, for every country-bred Englishman as part of his birthright is an authority upon grass just as he knows all about horses. With some rolling was the great panacea and accordingly inland courses were worried into a pulp in the winter, which set like a sun-brick in the summer and declined to grow any but the coarsest of grasses. On the seaside links returfing was largely practised, and turves from the fat grass land, which generally lies a little behind the sand country newly won from the sea, were set to exist on a substratum of poor sand. Manures were contemned lest the grass should be made too coarse; this too on the thinnest of sands where little beyond moss and weeds could keep alive, and where you might pour in manure for half a generation without getting anything like a fat pasture. But with the growth of experience and with the uprising of the club secretary, intelligent men who were not content with mere "tips" but wanted to reason out a system of management, the age of the amateur and his proper parasite, the quack, is fast dying out, and this book which Mr. Horace Hutchinson has drawn together may be said to mark its close. Here men who are responsible for some of the best kept links in the country, seaside or inland, set out their methods and their reasons; Messrs. Carter's representative opens with a fundamental discussion on grasses and he is followed by essays on S. Andrews and Deal, on Sunningdale and Walton Heath and other inland courses situated on various types of soil; finally the length and character that holes should be given when laying out the course is discussed in detail, with examples drawn from championship and other famous courses. The whole book forms a "corpus" of green keeping experience, and Mr. Hutchinson himself sums up and reviews the many lessons of the book. On the whole we should give the palm to Mr. H. S. Colt's article dealing with the upkeep of the Sunningdale course; more than anyone else he seems to us to discuss principles, and the reader may obtain from it ideas which will help him in dealing with any green, whether it be on clay or on sand. As we read the various

* "Charles Baudelaire: Lettres. 1841-1866." (Mercure de France.)

† "Golf Greens and Green Keeping." Edited by H. G. Hutchinson. London: "Country Life" Offices. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

opinions one after the other certain general criticisms come to mind—in the first place we think a little too much is made of grass species and the importance of only sowing the particular varieties that are to be found naturally on the soil. The various odd grasses to be found in waste places by the sea are there, not because there is some special virtue in the soil which fits it for that particular grass but merely because the ground is too poor or too sour or too wet to carry the better grasses; the object ought to be to improve the soil until it will grow good grass, not to hunt for poor grasses because they will put up with poor soil. The number of species really worth encouraging is small; two or three of the Poas, Sheep's Fescue, Crested Dog's Tail and an *Agrostis* alone are suitable for a green. Through the fairway the cheaper and coarser Perennial Rye Grass may be employed, always with the small clover, to which Mr. Colt alone makes allusion. Of course clover is not wanted on the putting greens, because in the dry weather particularly it forms patches which have quite a different pace from the grass; but on the rest of the course it forms a good drought-resisting plant that is also always accumulating fertility from the atmosphere and so preparing the way for a future good growth of grass.

We should have liked also to see a little consistent theory of manuring, since it is by manure that the soil must be built up to carry the proper grasses; even good grass land will rapidly deteriorate in the quality of its herbage if it is mown closely year after year without even the restoration that comes from the manure of the grazing sheep. Most of the soils on which golf links are situated are either sands or clays and are deficient in lime; hence an occasional dressing of fine slaked lime and of basic slag forms the first step in keeping up a close firm sward. Only this liming must not extend to the greens, except in special cases, as when clay soils have become pasty and sour through over-rolling, lest too much clover take possession. On the clay soils little beyond the basic slag will be required, for the fertility will be maintained by the help of the clover it encourages, but on the sandy soils and on the true links with a thin turf subjected to much wear something more nitrogenous and feeding will be requisite. Peruvian guano is perhaps the best all-round dressing, but there are also meal and fish guanos, fine powders which wash rapidly into the soil and are equally good in building up a turf. Beyond these simple manures it is neither necessary nor wise to go; the various proprietary manures which are recommended, some in this book, are mixtures of the same nature, neither better nor worse, except in their price, which is about three times that ruling in the open market. The supposed cunning with which they are compounded to suit the particular case does not extend further than the advertisement. There is a little too much of the secret preparation mystery about the newer green keeping; "weed crystal" is merely sulphate of ammonia, and worm killers may be one of three things, lime water which is too bulky to sell, weak ammonia liquor, or a one per thousand solution of corrosive sublimate; strip of their mystery the local drysalter can supply them cheaply enough.

There is a consensus of opinion that rolling can be overdone, indeed on anything heavier than a pure sand an iron roller should only be used when the surface is sensibly dry and shows no wetness when pressed hard with the finger. The time to roll is in the first drying days of spring when the surface does not paste but the ground below is soft enough to come level under the weight. At other times only the lightest of wooden rollers is needed to remove the wormcasts and give the surface the bit of a polish.

As to the several chapters concerned with the ideal length and type of hole, who are we to criticise when the writers are Mr. Cecil Hutchison and Mr. Hilton, Mr. Herbert Fowler and the editor himself; particularly as the subject has raged long and fiercely both in the clubs and the papers more strictly devoted to golf. It is to be noticed that the experts are by no means in agreement, even to the extent of flat contradiction; we take it they confuse two ideals which do not always coincide—the best test of play does not necessarily make the most interesting golf. For our

own part we find some of these more modern links so designed that every hole is either one full shot, or two or three exactly, thereby preventing the player from making up for a half-hit sort of ball, not only very fatiguing but also very dull. It is variety that makes the charm of some courses and in the end draws excellent golf out of their votaries, and to get this variety all sorts of things are necessary that are now frowned upon by the pundits—holes that are only a drive and an iron—bunkers across the course for the second shot despite the fact that in dry weather and with a following wind they sometimes catch the drives of the mighty sloggers of the club—holes which force a man to go warily round about even if thereby the certainty of his advantage over a shorter driver is destroyed.

But enough; we are letting loose the perennial quarrel which rages in every sport between the little tin gods and those who play the game for fun and follow the fashions set them by the professors but in the end fall away if their more general interests are not considered. However for such men, the average staple of every club, with handicaps of from five to fifteen, Mr. Hutchinson's book can do nothing but good; it will help to give them the "clean hearth", and, by showing the diversities of opinions about the only way of making holes, will prevent the pundit from riding roughshod over the green committee.

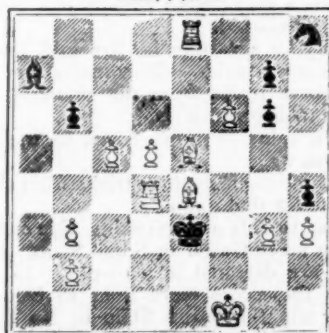
CHESS.

IT was not so very long ago that problems were shunned by chess players, who were afraid, perhaps, that the game might suffer should problems ever become popular. The adventitious aid of solvers' lists in nearly all "chess columns" has certainly been the means of creating an interest which might otherwise have been much longer deferred. At the same time there have been many wonderful composers during the last half century, and nobody can cavil at their success, even though they have not to wait for recognition till after death.

The "Poetry of Chess" is a very modern product. The man who more than any other has made this designation possible is admittedly the late Mr. A. F. Mackenzie. It is not merely the ideas that he has expressed which excite admiration, but the manner in which he always executed them. The position in the accompanying diagram is taken from a collection of his problems entitled "Chess Lyrics". Though composed when he was blind, the author never considered that he was handicapped on that account. Indeed he conceived he had an advantage in the respect "that the imagination might become more keenly alert, fancy take wing more freely, and the position at which one is working the more readily yield its latent possibilities."

FIRST PRIZE, WIENER SCHACHZEITUNG, 1901,
"MULTUM IN PARVO". By A. F. MACKENZIE.

Black, 7 pieces.



White, 12 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

Connoisseurs have not hesitated to declare the above problem one of the finest in the literature of three-movers. We will examine and discuss the solution.

White: 1. P-B6.

To free the diagonal from Q4-R7. It should be

observed that the object of white would not be nearer accomplishment were it not that black must move.

Black: 1. B-Kt1. White: 2. B-B7.

It is not necessary to offer any reason for black's moves in a problem; we will exhaust every possibility. If now black plays 2B×B then 3R-Q3 mate. And if 2K×R then B×P mate has become possible after white's first move.

As the black bishop must not be moved from this line we will now try

1. . . . P-QKt4.

But white defeats this by playing 2B-Kt8, which threatens similar continuations to the first variation.

In both cases black has further opened this diagonal and made mate possible. Suppose instead 1. . . . P×BP, then the bishop recaptures and mate on Q3 cannot be delayed. The same thing follows from 1. . . . P-KKt4. White is thus permitted to play 2B-B5, &c. There still remains RP×P. We now get a sort of echo of the first mate. Because after B(K5)×P black cannot take the R on account of B-B2 mate. The final positions after moving the black king side pawns are very similar. Without them, however, the problem would not be possible. We now come to the grand finale when black plays 1. . . . Kt-B2. For after 2B×KtP and Kt×B 3R-Q3 is still mate. Truly a position to linger over. Not only is this final mate accomplished with a minimum of material, but the eight squares surrounding the king are only just covered by the white pieces. This principle of economy pervades the whole atmosphere of problem composition, and in that respect therefore it is on the same plane as all other arts.

We reproduce, in notation, Problems 108 and 109, given in the last article. By a regrettable inadvertence, these were incorrectly printed.

PROBLEM 108. By Dr. S. GOLD.—White (7 pieces): K-QB8, Q-KR5, R-KB5, Kts on KB3 and KR4, Ps on QKt3 and QR4. Black (8 pieces): K-Q4, Kts on Ksq and KB3, B-Q5, Ps on KB5, QR2, QR3. White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM 109. By J. A. COULTAUS.—White (7 pieces): K-QR6, Q-QKt5, Rs on QB2 and QR4, Bs on QRsq and KRsq, P-QB6. Black (9 pieces): K-QKt8, Q-KR8, R-Qsq, Bs on KB2 and KKt2, Ps on KB6, Q5, QKt6, QR2. White mates in two moves.

BRIDGE: THE REVOKE.

THE revoke is the gravest offence which can be committed in the game of bridge, or indeed in any card game in which the player is obliged to follow suit to the card led. The possible advantage to be gained by revoking is so great that it is necessary to impose a very severe penalty for the offence. We do not for a moment mean to insinuate that any player would revoke on purpose—to do so is an offence beyond all pardon—but the advantage gained may be just as great when it is done accidentally as if it had been done intentionally, and therefore a very severe penalty has been imposed and is always enforced.

The penalty for a revoke is threefold, and is at the option of the adversaries. They may either

1. Take three tricks from the revoking player and add them to their own, or
2. Add the value of three tricks to their own score for that game, or
3. Deduct the value of three tricks from the revoking player's score for that game.

In addition to this the revoking side can never win the game, or score Grand or Small Slam, on a hand in which they are detected in a revoke. In no circumstances can they score more than 28 below the line. Even if they win the Grand Slam in No Trumps, they can only score 28 below the line and nothing for the Grand Slam, while their opponents, by adding the value of three tricks to their score, can score 36 and the game. These penalties were borrowed from the old whist code. They are undoubtedly severe—too severe, many players think—but the question was thoroughly discussed when the laws of bridge were revised in 1904, and, as no middle course presented itself, it was resolved to leave them unaltered.

One common argument against them is that they operate very unevenly. It is argued, with some reason, that the offence of revoking is absolutely the same whether spades are trumps or whether there are No Trumps; yet in one case the penalty is only 6 points, and in the other case it is 36 points and the loss of the game in addition. This is quite true, but on the other side it may be argued that the possible gain by revoking when there are No Trumps is proportionately greater than the possible gain by revoking when spades are trumps, so that, in a sense, the punishment is made to fit the crime.

The most common form of exacting the penalty is naturally No. 2, the opponents adding the value of three tricks to their own score—the great object at bridge being to advance one's own score as much as possible, especially if one's own deal comes next. If No Trumps have been declared, the value of three tricks will give the opponents the game, even from the score of love. If hearts are trumps and the opponents are at love, adding the value of three tricks to their score will make them 24, and will leave them in a very fine position if it is their deal next time. When the penalty is taken in this way, the revoking side are entitled to score anything that they may have made up to the point of 28. Beyond that they cannot go.

Sometimes it pays better for the opponents to take three tricks away from the revoking side and add them to their own. When the revoker has made the odd trick exactly, this is invariably the case. Suppose there are No Trumps and the revoking player has won the odd trick. If the opponents take three of his tricks, they win three by cards and he scores nothing; whereas, if they elect to add the value of three tricks to their score, he can still score 12 points for his odd trick, and they score just the same—namely, 36 points. Very few players seem to realise that when the taking away of three of their opponents' tricks and adding them to their own involves the difference of the seventh or odd trick, the penalty really amounts to four tricks, not three. Say that the revoking player has won two by cards; that is, he has won eight tricks and the other side have won five. If three of his tricks are transferred to his opponents they will then have eight tricks and will score two by cards, instead of his scoring two by cards, which is a difference of four tricks. This fact should always be borne in mind, that when the result of the game is not in question an additional penalty of one trick is inflicted on the revoking player by appropriating three of his tricks, provided that the difference of the odd trick is thereby involved.

The third form of the penalty, deducting the value of three tricks from the revoking player's score, is rarely exacted at bridge. The only conditions under which it is advisable are when a player, whose score is considerably advanced, revokes on his opponents' deal, and the revoke penalty is not sufficient to give them the game. Say the score is A B love, Y Z 24. A deals and leaves it to B, who declares diamonds. A B win the odd trick and Y revokes. A B can score 24, leaving Y Z also at 24. But Y's deal comes next, and with the score at 24 all he has a great advantage. On the other hand, if A B elect to deduct the value of three tricks from Y Z's score, the game will stand at 6 all, and Y Z's advantage will be materially decreased.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL'S CLAIMED DESCENT FROM CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

College of Arms, 24 January, 1907.

SIR,—I observe in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW a quotation from a speech of General Baden-Powell in which he is alleged to have stated that his claim to be lineally descended from Captain John Smith of Virginia is endorsed by the Heralds' College. Permit me to say that to the best of my belief no such endorsement has been expressed by the Heralds' College, and that in my opinion the General should, if he has been

correctly quoted, state in what manner such endorsement of his claim has been expressed.

I have the honour to be
Your obedient servant,
WINDSOR HERALD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 January, 1907.

SIR,—I was amused to read in the paper the other day of the gallant General Baden-Powell figuring at a banquet in John Smith's honour as his descendant, but took it to be a Press error. John Smith, of course, died childless and unmarried. There is not the shadow of a trace, nor even the breath of a rumour of his having married during the two odd years he was in Virginia. And we know what he was doing almost every day of them from the testimony of himself, his friends, and his enemies. I know Virginia well and resided there for years. There are no people known to me so prone to make wild claims of descent as the Virginians. But not even a Virginian ever ventured the absurdity of claiming descent from John Smith, though in a sense the founder of their country.

I am, &c.,

A. G. BRADLEY,
Author of "Captain John Smith,"
Macmillan's "Men of Action Series."

CHRISTIANITY IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 16 January, 1907.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that, according to the "Journal Officiel," 1,252 of the churches and chapels which a few years ago belonged to religious communities, military and civil hospitals, colleges and schools, &c., have already been desecrated and turned to profane purposes. The chapel of the Invalides, which only a month ago was used as a parish church and had a large congregation, is now, by order of General Picquart, Minister of War, closed to the public for divine service, and as recently as last week, when the Spanish Ambassador inquired whether the baptism of a well-known officer's child, to which the King of Spain intended to be a sponsor, might take place in the chapel, he was informed "on no account". The magnificent chapel of the Marist Brothers, of Plaisance, 46 Rue Pernety, Paris, one of the finest modern Gothic churches in France, built by that community and with the aid of private subscriptions in 1899 at a cost of 600,000*fr.*, has been recently sold for 130,000*fr.* to an old tradesman, who is now allowing it to be turned into a cinematograph show and questionable café chantant of the Montmartre type, having cabinets particuliers in the erstwhile side-chapels. The high altar now supports the stage upon which probably blasphemous and indecent songs will be sung and "sensational" pictures shown for the benefit of a very mixed audience. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is to become a supper-room which will be the resort of the lowest class of demi-mondaines and so on. This is what the paternal Government of Messrs. Clemenceau and Briand allows God's house to be turned into: none the less the English press tells us every day that they are the active preservers of "true" religion, the "Daily News" of Saturday (12th inst.) informing its readers that the Government of France has a far keener appreciation of the spirit of the New Testament than has the whole French hierarchy. On the other hand there seems to be some indication of a slow awakening to the truth on the part of our journalists, for the "Illustrated London News" last week, in publishing a photograph of Briand, Clemenceau and other ministers, remarked that it was evident that their real object was not so much the separation of Church and State as the total suppression of the former. The commercial "entente cordiale" also will certainly lose some of its force when the City begins to appreciate the fact that the "Liberal" French Government is shortly about to impose a tax of 4 per cent. on all English goods imported into France.—Yours truly,

ENGLISHMAN.

I may add that a photograph of the Marist chapel

with the notice "Cinema-Plaisance" hung outside appeared in last week's "Graphic": and that I have just learnt that a pretty convent chapel at Passy has now been converted into a public lavatory.

JAMAICA AND FOREIGN AID.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brighton, 19 January, 1907.

SIR,—Is there any other case on record where an English colony has been assisted by a foreign Power in time of peace? We do not wish to construe it as an act of war, but as one of kindness carried rather too far.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
B. R. T.

THE SWISS MODEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 West Park Gardens, Kew, 19 January.

SIR,—In recent speeches and letters holding up the Swiss army as the model we ought to follow in organising a home army, one important question has been overlooked—Is the Swiss army efficient? The question cannot be decided by facts, because the present Swiss army has had no war service; but we may draw a very probable conclusion from general principles. Discipline is the essential difference between an armed mob and a body of soldiers, and the experience of all ages shows that discipline is the chief element of success in war. The moral is to the physical in war, said Napoleon, as three to one. If the Swiss army be, as we have been recently assured, a herd of amiable sharpshooters with little or no discipline, the only invasion they could repel with reasonable chance of success is the annual invasion of visitors to their delightful country.

Yours obediently,
H. W. L. HIME.

THE UNEMPLOYED SEASON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

55 Bryanston Street, W., 16 January, 1907.

SIR,—The provision of relief for pressing want, by non-pauperising methods, is a most excellent thing. To deny this would be to confess failure in the largest part of the work of the society with which I am connected, during many successive winters. So far therefore as they go, the operations of the Unemployed Committee, upon which you comment in an article in your current issue, are deserving of all praise. But the drawback inherent to all such operations as these is their want of finality. A deserving man may be tided over his difficulties, and his wife and family saved from coming on the rates, for one winter. But no sort of security is, or can be, offered that his plight shall not be the same during the following, and many following, winters. Remedies, not palliatives, are wanted.

Farm colonies have been tried, and in their present form have been found wanting. The President of the Local Government Board pointed out a better way when he said, in his place in Parliament, "it does seem that the £6,000 spent on emigrating 2,250 persons has yielded better results than a sum ten times larger would have yielded if spent on farm and labour colonies".

In emigration lies the only available solution of the problem of the unemployed at the present moment and under existing circumstances, so at least long and varied experience and experiment have led us to believe in the Church Army. On one side of the Atlantic men, women and children are crying out for work and bread. On the other side millions of acres are crying out for men to till them. The laws of supply and demand seem to require that they should be brought together, so that each may satisfy the wants of the other. Experience proves that the process can be carried into effect at a moderate cost, and with the certainty of

benefit to the emigrant, the colony and the mother-country.

Successful emigration presupposes proper organisation and precaution, and chiefly careful selection of candidates in this country, and provision for their reception and care in Canada during the first few months, the critical time which may make or mar the emigrant's future. Of the 3,000 emigrants, some of them being single men, others men with wives and children, sent out by the Church Army during 1906, there have been no more than two or three failures. This favourable result, due to our care in rejecting the unfit, and to our good fortune in obtaining the co-operation of the Canadian clergy in arranging immediate and permanent employment, and giving a certain amount of care to the emigrants at the outset, has encouraged us to embark on a considerably extended scheme for the coming season, when we hope to send out fully 20,000.

It should be noted that it is not the strong successful working-man that emigrates. His departure would involve injury to the mother-country. Nor is the good-for-nothing wastrel being sent out. His coming would involve injury to the colony. It is the class between; men industrious and willing to work, yet for whom social pressure is too strong at home, and who are forced down by circumstances first into the ranks of casual and partly employed labour, and then into unemployment. The colony supplies what these men need—work for all comers and a physical and moral atmosphere which almost compels "hustling". For men of this class success in Canada is morally certain. For their children the prospect is brighter a hundred-fold than anything within their reach in England. In their new surroundings these emigrants and their descendants will be a source of strength instead of weakness to the empire, and there may come an hour of need—may it be far distant—when the tie of blood binding these men of British origin to the mother-country will be the empire's salvation. It is better far that Canada should be peopled by our own kinsfolk than by the offscourings of Europe.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
W. CARLILE,
Honorary Chief Secretary.

MIXED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kent House, 91 Great Portland Street,
London, W.

15 January, 1907.

SIR,—Might I be permitted to say a few words in answer to the letter of Mr. F. J. Adkins, which appeared in your last issue, on the question of Mixed Schools? Mr. Adkins states that according to his experience the boys and girls spoke without restraint in class and yet out of it remained quite estranged. Is not Mr. Adkins furnishing us with an excellent proof that the schoolroom is the only sphere in which the intercourse is perfect? Does a boy blush at receiving his lunch from his sister? Certainly no boy ever assumed a redder hue than did one of my pupils the other day on being handed a similar packet from his elder brother in front of his classmates.

In Scotland mixed schools are the rule, not the exception, and there we are hampered by no motives of economy. During my entire school life I have never been dissociated from the opposite sex. As a pupil-teacher, as a student, as a teacher I have worked alongside male students, but I never suffered from over-stimulus, nor have I known any of my classmates to suffer from this or any of the other maladies suggested by Mr. Adkins.

As regards the inability of women teachers to conduct a class of boys, on account of lack of stimulus, one can only say that could one compare the number of un-energetic male teachers with the number of female teachers suffering from over-placidity the latter quantity would become a negligible one.

Yours sincerely,
HENRIETTA R. ANDERSON.

WHISKEY AND INSANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. R. Gawen Gogay, is evidently unacquainted with the Report of the Select Committee on British and Foreign Spirits, 1891, or he would not have made the sweeping statement that "50 per cent. of insanity amongst the young and middle-aged is caused by drinking new whiskey fresh from the still". If he will turn to paragraph VIII. of the report he will find that after many experiments made by competent persons "in no case were any injurious effects observed after taking such minute quantities of bye-products as are found in the spirits of commerce" (namely 1 or 2 per 1,000).

The fact is that the ill-effects of drinking spirits are due not to the newness of the spirit, but to the quantity consumed. I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours truly,
ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

A CASE FOR HELP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Great Gaddesden Vicarage, Hemel Hempstead,
Herts, 23 January, 1907.

SIR,—May I ask you through the medium of your REVIEW kindly to allow me to bring to the notice of your readers the following case?

The widow of a former vicar of this parish has for some years made a brave fight to educate her three young children and keep a home for her mother, now aged 89. As a nurse in this parish she has a means of earning a bare livelihood, but owing to circumstances, for which she is in no way to blame, she is now in desperate straits for want of money to tide over a definite and temporary difficulty. A sum of £110 would set her right.

Daily pressure on an overtaxed brain and limited strength threaten a total breakdown, when her means of earning a livelihood would be irretrievably lost.

Any donations forwarded to me will be sent to the proper quarter and further particulars, if required, given.

Yours truly,
A. T. HOLLIS,
Vicar of Great Gaddesden.

[We have examined into this case personally and we have no hesitation in earnestly endorsing this appeal.—Ed. S.R.]

THE QUEEN OF GIRLS'-BOOK MAKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oriel College, Oxford, 23 January, 1907.

SIR,—Mrs. Meade's case is fast becoming laughable. A hasty and illogical letter from herself is followed by one which damns with faint praise. This week her books are bolstered up by a band of irresponsible schoolgirls. The author has only made her position worse by her own ferocious letter and the support (?) it has called forth. To a good writer such effusions are unnecessary—nay, more, abhorrent.

Yours, &c.,
K. M.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 January, 1907.

SIR,—There could, I should imagine, be no better argument in favour of your reviewer's opinion of Mrs. L. T. Meade's books than the letter signed by several pupils of the Dulwich High School for Girls which appears in the current number of your REVIEW. For wholesale neglect of the most elementary rules of grammar, these admirable young ladies are only rivalled by the talented author in whose defence they have so valiantly taken up their pen.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"PATERFAMILIAS."

[It is fair to state that the average age of the writers of the letter in question was thirteen.—Ed. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE TODAS.

"The Todas." By W. H. R. Rivers. London: Macmillan. 1906. 21s. net.

AMONG the heterogeneous peoples who have been crowded southwards into Southern India by the repeated stresses of the Aryan invasions, and of others behind these, none is more interesting than the Todas. They are a small tribe, numbering only some few hundreds strong, who live by pasturing their buffaloes upon the well-watered summit-plateau of the Nilgiri Hills, and have thus found in their high-pitched, abrupt-edged, and fever-guarded homeland those conditions of long-continued isolation which are no less favourable for the preservation of old-world usages than for the survival of the simpler forms of nature. Here in fact is one of those nooks of life in which the past peculiarly lingers; yet it is now also one of the best known, for the summer station of the Southern Presidency, the Simla of Madras, has been pitched upon their cool and airy heights, so that in Ootacamund this old-world people and we their rulers, with all our medley following, now daily meet. Their situation is indeed that of simpler peoples almost everywhere (for who any longer escape contact with the modern world?) but it shows here with unusual sharpness, so that the resultant impulse to anthropological studies has been unusually great, while happily the damage to the people seems as yet to have been comparatively small. Their conservation and their general conservatism obviously hang together; and at first glance we tend naturally to associate these not only with their isolation but with their simple, regular, and to us monotonous occupation; or we find in its correspondingly even prosperity their substantial ground for satisfaction with their own customs and institutions. But the unusual and compelling interest of the Todas lies a stage deeper, for their observers as for themselves. It is in their religious life, and not merely nor mainly in their secular world. This religion is upon a plane of simplicity which renders its study peculiarly illuminative to the students of all early and simple idealisings of life; for here the temple is an actual dairy, the priest the dairyman. The sacred corn, the sacred vine or olive, seem to us to lie far behind in the Hellenic past; but it is perhaps the best lesson of a visit to India to see how religion still lightens and colours the round of daily life and labour. In the lack of this idealism may lie an element of our utilitarian strength, but surely one of rudeness and backwardness also, if not of the social unrest of our occidental civilisation as well. Be this as it may, the Indian peasant's respect for his oxen and the peculiar sacredness of his cow are here not only represented, and in forms appropriate to this purely pastoral people, but carried by them into refinements without known parallel elsewhere. For though the temple be a dairy, and the priest a dairyman, these are not so simple after all: their interaction has specialised into a veritable labyrinth, a minor infinity. The most sacred dairymen are priests indeed; their dairies are temples indeed; their milking and butter-making is a ritual indeed; and one which its investigators are the first to say they have not fully fathomed. That we are in presence of a cult whose best days are over, whose once copious spring of spirituality has failed, whose once thought-out doctrine has been largely forgotten, whose poetic impulse has almost died away, and whose artistic symbolism seems now almost meaningless—all this seems true enough, yet to the student this may make its investigation even more fascinating. Primarily of course because of the difficulties it thus presents, yet more because of the light it may throw on the process of religious formalisation in general, throughout other times and lands. In such ways then we see how the Todas, though but a small folk, and not exceeding wise, are among the most interesting peoples known to anthropologists; nay more, how their small world, with its simple faith and formal cult, which so far as we know has been practically without effect even upon their neighbours, and certainly without influence in our larger world,

may yet reward the serious attention of the student of comparative religion, and yield interpretations of value even to the students of Hebraism or the interpreters of Christian traditions and history.

Pending, however, such applications of the higher criticism, Mr. Rivers seems to have done all that a mere layman may: in fact he confesses that he inquired so deeply, not to say trespassed so far into the mysteries as to bring disaster, according to the diviners, upon those who aided him. His inquiries have indeed in many ways been models, and his book thus marks a notable advance in most respects upon those of his predecessors, and will be indispensable to subsequent inquirers. Still it remains essentially a personal monograph, so that, despite the errors and incompleteness of earlier works, whoever desires to obtain a general idea of the Todas will still be none the worse for referring at the outset to Colonel Marshall's "Travels among the Todas", and this not only for that general map of the whereabouts of the Todas with which Mr. Rivers forgets to supplement his detailed one, or for photographs often more successfully chosen as well as executed, but for a first impression of the people as well. This obtained, one can read Mr. Rivers' thoroughgoing chapters with far less difficulty. Difficulties, however, are not spared us. The plan of leaving well-nigh all the essential words of Toda custom and religion in the original, however commendably conscientious and cautious in the writer, does not work with the ordinary reader. His brain reels before so many words in italics, often a score or more to the page. When one has worked his way with our author round one village dairy after another, and struggled with the (often twofold) native names for all their complex outfit of appliances, when he has sometimes appreciated their various degrees of sanctity, and studied the ritual appropriate to each, he begins fairly to hope to see light. He has learned more Toda than his wildest ambitions ever suggested, and knows by this time not only all the various members of the officiating hierarchy, but feels almost a Levite himself. He thus goes forward say to the chapter on "Ordination Ceremonies" with a real interest, and with some hope that the worst is now past. But alas, with the very first ordination, that of the Palikartmikh (by this time of course, an old friend) he is informed that this ceremony "is called pelkkodichiti, and very often mulinirōditi, the latter being derived from the muli leaves used in the ceremony". This is no infrequent example of Mr. Rivers' style, and we would very earnestly submit that such excess of scientific faithfulness too nearly approaches pedantry. Thus constantly to mix what should be glossary and footnotes with the text appears to us indeed a way of spoiling all three. It certainly greatly spoils the volume for all who have no turn for unfamiliar languages, and renders the task of forming any clear image of the essentials of Toda ritual a doubly arduous one, much less of expressing this in ordinary intelligible English. Since Mr. Rivers has himself so consistently shrunk from this endeavour, who will dare attempt it? Yet to inform us clearly as to this was the main object of the book. The elaborate genealogies of the people, which are a veritable model in their way, are all the better for being tabulated in the appendix instead of being related in the text: and we only regret that Mr. Rivers should not have given us an equally systematic and diagrammatic presentment of rituals and celebrants among his tables, faced the undeniable difficulty of English equivalents, and then allowed himself a plain and straightforward description of them in our own vernacular. Yet this protest against this vice of Mr. Rivers' style—not really so scientific as he intends, but largely also a lapse into the "pidgin-Toda" to which he had naturally to adapt himself—will not deter the reader, who sees the importance of the problem, and the solidity of the contribution to it. Mr. Rivers' careful monograph will thus win and retain a central place, that between the preliminary and more or less amateurish anthropological observers whose works he practically supersedes, and the deeper interpretation for which he does so much to prepare—one necessarily in terms of comparative religion, and of a psychology beyond the reach of Dr. Rivers' instruments. His final chapter, on the

origin and history of the Todas, shows that he is not without conjectures and suggestions on these heads: may he not himself some day mature them?

PERSIAN LITERARY MOVEMENTS.

"A Literary History of Persia from Firdawsi to Sa'di." By E. G. Browne. London: Unwin. 1906. 12s. 6d. net.

THE amount of good and solid work which Professor Browne manages to produce is astonishing. In the preface to this volume he complains of the interruptions and want of leisure which life at Cambridge necessitates, but judging from results we should say that in his case they did not make themselves felt. Besides being one of our profoundest Arabic and Persian scholars and possessing a very considerable knowledge of Turkish, he contrives to write and edit ponderous volumes crammed with Oriental learning and bearing testimony to a remarkably wide acquaintance with Oriental literature, any one of which would often have been considered the work of a man's lifetime.

In his new book he continues his history of Persian literature, the first volume of which has already appeared. It covers the most interesting period of the history, and begins and ends with names which are familiar to English readers. Firdawsi, the author of the *Shahnama*, or *Book of Kings*, was the national poet of Persia: his epic recounts the legendary glories of his people, and is written in a Persian that is almost wholly free from foreign words. It embodies the national reaction against the Mohammedan conquest—though perhaps Professor Browne with his enthusiasm for all that is Muslim would hardly agree to this—and it was therefore fitting that the miserable recompense of its conclusion bestowed upon the poet by the slave-born Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmud of Ghazni, should lead to a quarrel between the author and his royal patron, and oblige Firdawsi to seek safety in flight. Still more fitting was it that Mohammedan fanaticism should prevent the body of the great national poet from being buried in the Muslim cemetery. In Sa'di we have Persian thought breaking through the narrow bounds of Semitic faith and finding refuge in mysticism and cynicism. As Firdawsi is the representative of the old Persian national spirit, so Sa'di may be regarded as representing its revolt against the fetters of the Mohammedan creed.

Omar Khayyam, who, thanks to Edward FitzGerald, has become almost a household name in English literature, occupies but little space in Professor Browne's pages. He was but one of many writers, some of whom had a higher reputation as poets among their countrymen than the free-thinking and free-living author of the famous quatrains. It was, in fact, as an astronomer rather than as a poet that he was known to them. Several of FitzGerald's quatrains are not Omar at all, while three of them, it would seem, owe their origin to FitzGerald himself.

One of the most interesting portions of Professor Browne's book is that relating to the Assassins. The name was a Western malformation of Hashshashim or Hashish-drinkers, and was due to their use of the drug, which was probably a secret known to but few at the time. "The Old Man of the Mountain", who had his stronghold in Syria, found in it an efficient means for securing unlimited influence over the neophyte, inspiring him with dreams of paradise and making him a docile instrument when the assassination of an enemy of the sect was planned. The sect originated in Persia, where the native philosophy was constantly breaking out against orthodox Mohammedanism into various forms of heresy, and it was a curious anticipation of modern anarchism. It needed a long struggle and all the methods of Oriental savagery before the government of the day was able finally to suppress it. Its influence on literature, however, was slight, except in so far as it formed part of the general movement of free-thought.

Professor Browne sees in the Mongol invasions of the thirteenth century, ending with the destruction of Bagdad and the Caliphate, the great turning-point in

the history of Arabic and Persian literature. Countless treasures of art were destroyed and countless manuscripts perished; "the loss suffered by Muslim learning, which never again reached its former level, defies description and almost surpasses imagination: not only were thousands of priceless books utterly annihilated, but, owing to the number of men of learning who perished or barely escaped with their lives, the very tradition of accurate scholarship and original research, so conspicuous in Arabic literature before this period, was almost destroyed. Never, probably, was so great and splendid a civilisation so swiftly consumed with fire and quenched with blood". It is curious that only a few years previously a similar fate had overtaken Greek literature and learning when Constantinople was sacked by the Crusaders. It was the thirteenth century which cut the modern world off from the literary culture of the past. At the same time, Professor Browne's book shows that poets and historians, as well as philosophers and mathematicians, managed to arise not only after the close of this disastrous period, but even while the horrors of the Mongol invasions were actually taking place. The historian Bar-Hebraeus, for example, lived through the whole of them.

Professor Browne apologises in his Preface for the repetitions in his volume. But he has no need to do so. However familiar the names and facts mentioned in it may be to himself, most of them are unknown to the English reader, and the repetitions are necessary for the sake of clearness. Whether the English reader will care to wade through the mass of unknown names with which the book is filled is another matter, notwithstanding the translations into English verse interspersed through the text; he will probably prefer to skip a good many pages, content with knowing that the author has conscientiously omitted nothing, and that if ever he comes across the name of some obscure "littérateur" of Persia, he will find all that can be said about him in the Cambridge Professor's book.

A DYING NATION.

"The Passing of Korea." By Homer B. Hulbert. London: Heinemann. 16s. net.

IN the treaty between Japan and Korea which was signed in 1876 the independence of Korea was explicitly asserted. It was re-asserted in every subsequent treaty between Korea and Western nations and, although ignored by China, whom Korea had for many years recognised and treated as her suzerain, the Chinese Government finally renounced their somewhat shadowy claim to paternal control at the conclusion of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894. It was Japan who forced this renunciation upon China; it was Japan who encouraged the King of Korea to proclaim himself emperor. In the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan the maintenance of the integrity of Korea was one of the conditions clearly enunciated; and on 2 March 1897 the Japanese Minister at Seoul, writing under instructions from his Government, informed the Korean Minister of Foreign Affairs that the memorandum of agreement between Japan and Russia signed on 24 May 1896 was expressly intended to strengthen the independence of Korea.

There is no doubt, therefore, that in the earlier stages of her relations with Korea the policy of Japan was to maintain the independence of that country, first as against China and next as against Russia. She fought two wars to gain this point, and the King of Korea had surely strong justification for the belief that his position as an independent sovereign was formally and firmly established. It was accordingly with considerable reluctance, and only after being terrorised by the menaces of Count Ito, that, in October 1905, he put his signature to a document in which he requested Japan to assume a protectorate over his kingdom. In fact, so reluctant was he to place himself under the power and tutelage of Japan, that when the subject was first mooted in the autumn of 1905 he sent a special messenger to the United States to protest against the action of the Japanese Government and to invoke the interference of

the President of the United States on his behalf. This message of appeal was entrusted to Mr. Homer Hulbert, but it failed in its object, and Mr. Hulbert is righteously indignant with his Government for their refusal to intervene on behalf of his patron and of the country in which he has made his home, first as a missionary and then as a schoolmaster, with occasional interludes of commercial employment.

It is difficult to see why the President of the United States should be singled out for a special appeal, for, apart from the sentimental interest which the people of the United States, as represented by their missionaries, have always taken in Korea, their commercial interests are no greater than those of any other Power and certainly much less than those of Japan. Whatever opinion may be held of the consistency of Japanese protestations and assurances when viewed in the light of their recent and present action in Korea, the fact none the less remains that Japanese assumption of control over the internal and external policy of their protégé has been accepted with complaisant acquiescence by all the great nations of the world, and it seems unreasonable to call the President of the United States bad names because he has declined to rush in where other nations thought it impolitic to tread.

None the less, we sympathise with Mr. Hulbert's keen feeling of regret at the rapidly waning individuality of a remote nation that for centuries past has possessed a quaint personality of its own, and has afforded a most interesting mine of research for the lover of Eastern peculiarities. In setting himself the task of proving the right of Korea to maintain her integrity and individuality, which is the motive of his book, Mr. Hulbert has, it must be confessed, defeated his object. If the King of Korea had been a ruler worthy of the name he would not now be in the unhappy position in which he finds himself, and after reading Mr. Hulbert's luminous account of the succession of intrigues, corruption and misgovernment that have marked the reign of the present Sovereign, surely no unprejudiced person could come to any other conclusion than that it served him perfectly right. The history of Korea is one long record of misrule, intrigue and revolutions which followed each other year after year as each party overthrew the other in the struggle for supremacy, the King bobbing up and down during the process like a cork on the waves of party strife. In fact, he has always been a cork, in temperament as well as from force of circumstances, but a cork with a keen eye to the main chance. Mr. Hulbert credits him with kindly instincts. They may be latent, but they have rarely exhibited themselves except in the form of paternal decrees professing solicitude for the welfare of his people who can hardly be expected to put much faith in them when they appear simultaneously with the issue of fresh demands for contributions to the royal purse.

In short, the political chapters of Mr. Hulbert's book go to prove, in spite of his advocacy, what has been pointed out again and again by writers who are entitled to speak with authority, that a condition of tutelage in some form or another is absolutely necessary to the existence of Korea as a nation under modern conditions. Whether or no her existence will be prolonged for many decades under the mastership of Japan is another question. Mr. Hulbert is evidently no lover of the Japanese, but he is only asserting well-known facts when he describes the harsh, if not brutal, treatment of the Korean officials and people under Japanese rule. The country is being overrun by low-class Japanese settlers with whom might is the only law; the rights of property and ancient custom are rudely ignored, and there is scant justice to be obtained by an appeal to the Japanese courts. Life and property were insecure enough under the old régime, but with the exception of a small section of low-born adventurers, it may safely be said that there is not a single Korean, official, merchant or peasant, who would not gladly exchange the veneer of Japanese improvement for a good wallow in the old mire of Korean corruption. In that mud there was at least a sporting chance of picking up something, whereas under Japanese domination the chances of a permanent career are not worth consideration.

Mr. Hulbert believes, and many intelligent men will agree with him, that there is no short cut to civilisation as we understand the term. He maintains that Japan has emerged from the chrysalis state of feudalism into a butterfly condition of flashy brilliancy, and although he does not say it in so many words, he evidently believes that the future existence of Japan as compared with that of China and of Korea will be brief as the butterfly's. Whatever may be the future of China, it is morally certain that there is no long life for Korea even with clipped wings. The Japanese may not be qualified to educate Korea, but they can, and will, absorb her, and no amount of education, which Mr. Hulbert advocates as the only remaining alternative which can now be of avail, will prevent the disappearance of Korea as a nation and the substitution of Japan in its place. Perhaps one might rather liken Japan to a terrier than to a butterfly, to a sporting terrier which never lets go his hold when once he has got a grip of his victim.

It is refreshing to turn from the political chapters of Mr. Hulbert's book to those which deal with the people themselves as he knows them after many years of close and sympathetic study. A strain of kindly humour pervades these chapters which tones down the record of cruelty and barbarity that seem to be a universal national characteristic, and anyone who is interested in the quaint side of Eastern life will find some fascinating reading in this, one of the best books on Korea that has yet been written.

WHITE, BROWN AND BLACK.

"White Capital and Coloured Labour." By Sydney Olivier. London: Independent Labour Party. 1906. 1s. 6d. net.

AT this moment one turns first of all to what Mr. Olivier has to say in this book of Jamaica. He has had an official experience of more than five years in the island, and he has studied the case of the White, Brown and Black there for the purpose of throwing light on the relations of the white and coloured races in other parts of the world where they come into industrial and social contact. We need hardly say that a book issued by the Independent Labour Party as one of a series edited by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald under the general name of "The Socialist Library" has views on the South African labour question which are highly controversial. They form an inconsiderable portion of the book, however, and they have almost nothing to do with the particular policy of employing Chinese labour instead of Kaffir. Mr. Olivier makes none of the sensational capital out of this which has been made by others, and he puts it on the same level with the system of indentured Indian labour in the West Indies. The point he has to make is a quite different one. A West Indian negro, he says, would see more slavery in the European wage system than in the indentured system. "One true moral of the recent inflamed controversy as to the 'servility' of indentured labour, Chinese or other, is that wherever the industrial form of capitalist production is set up and economic necessities only are regarded, there will arise conditions which all who have the instinct of liberty will denounce as servile. But if any who have spoken of 'Chinese slavery' have forgotten the cruel compulsions and humiliations abounding in the life of the European workers then justly may they be charged with superstition and exaggeration." This is a very true reflection on the whole matter.

As disputes on Socialism and South Africa are interminable, it is better to turn to Mr. Olivier's views on the more general subject of the social and political difficulties arising out of the contact of black and white, and the individual or racial characteristics of the blacks. In the United States these difficulties are more intense and more dangerous than elsewhere, and it is usual to find the explanation of them in irreconcilable racial antagonism. From the history of Jamaica and his personal experience Mr. Olivier believes the purely race question has not so much to do with it as is usually imagined; and he quotes in corroboration several American

writers who have studied Jamaica. Thus one of them says: "Administration I say has done the larger half of the work of solving Jamaica's race problem". And again: "When I hear the complaint of the Southerner that the race problem is such as constantly to endanger the safety of his home, I now feel disposed to say, 'The problem that endangers the sanctity of your homes, that is said sometimes to make lynching a necessity, is not a race problem. It is an administrative problem'". The meaning of this is shown by Mr. Olivier's account of what has been done since the emancipation of the slaves in Jamaica in order to bring such equality into the legal condition of whites and blacks as is compatible with the different points of civilisation which each has reached. The privileges of citizenship were not given to a horde of men just issued from a bondage of generations as they were in the United States, but were made to depend on property qualifications. All political offices were thrown open under these conditions, and coloured men of various degrees black or brown hold offices, in the civil, police, or judicial services. There has been no such attempts as have been made in the States to retain the *de facto* superiority of the whites by taking away by fraud and violence the rights nominally conferred by the Constitution. The negro has so acted in positions of trust as to disprove the extreme statements of negrophobists that there is an insurmountable barrier of intellectual and moral difference between the black and the white. White women and girls can go unattended through the length and breadth of Jamaica without danger, and such cases as we hear of in the States are unknown. When they occur they are amongst the blacks themselves as they occur amongst Europeans. Without actually disappearing, the strong dislike of regularised sexual relations, which is stronger amongst both the black and the white women than it is amongst the men, has become sufficiently attenuated to admit of a rather large element of browns. These browns are distinguished by their intelligence and activity, and in Mr. Olivier's opinion the intermixture of races is of benefit. As he points out, a hybrid race such as the mythical "Anglo-Saxon" may have qualities which are denied to either of the "pure" races. The great disadvantage is a personal one where the two races are separated by a difference of legal and social status, and where consequently the hybrid stands between the antipathies, caused by this difference, of the two parties. But this is rather a case of natural human than of race animosities.

We do not know which of the elements predominates more in the mixture of, say Teuton and Keltic, by which the better creature is produced; but in Jamaica it seems the "Caucasian" father at any rate reappears more than the black mother; and thus there is a steady approach to the European type which we naturally consider satisfactory. Then too in Jamaica the Crown officials, who took matters in hand after the oligarchical Government had produced very difficult relations between the two races, steadily kept down all superfluous utterances about the superiority of the one or the inferiority of the other. American government has not been able to devise any such check on the coarse, assertive, pushing American, who has greatly exaggerated the race inferiority of the negro. Probably the negro in general admits the superiority of the white man in some qualities and faculties he greatly admires; but, as Mr. Olivier remarks, if you would have your superiorities acknowledged you must not always be boasting of them. The other man will resent it and assert himself against you. There may be something in what Mr. Olivier suggests: that probably the constant talk about the ineffable sanctity of the American woman, and making this sanctity apparently depend more on race than on her rights as woman, may do a good deal to cause that kind of American crime which is not committed by negroes in Jamaica. Americans more even than others are the victims of words and phrases; and the idea of race antipathy may often be reduced to such elements as everybody's natural dislike to seeing a person who has long been an inferior challenging our claims; or to others equally human and unavoidable which have no more to do with race than have the animosities of middle class and

working class. Mr. Olivier's general theory is that the animosity between white and black is rather in their industrial position than their race distinctions. The negro is backward in civilisation, and the white man imagines he is therefore to be hewer of wood and drawer of water. This the negro sees, for though he has many limitations he is shrewd within his sphere; and he has other views. He has been in slavery and knows what it is; and he resents being treated as the appanage of the white man. Above all he suspects his philanthropy in educating him. The white man is therefore surprised, vexed, and feels that he has been cheated. Mr. Olivier is a philonegroist, but his book is well worth reading as a sensible treatment of the race question about which it is easy to talk and feel a great deal of nonsense.

A MAN OF SCIENCE.

"The Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Roscoe, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S." Written by Himself. London: Macmillan. 1906. 12s. net.

IT is not given to many men to be mistaken for their own grandfather. This however happened to me. Whilst visiting Egypt in the winter of 1891, with my family, I inspected the Khedivial medical school, and was then introduced to an Egyptian professor who was able to speak French. On hearing my name he politely congratulated himself on meeting a distinguished English botanist with whose work he was well acquainted. With some difficulty I recognised that he had mistaken me for my grandfather, William Roscoe, the author of a monograph on the monandrian plants, printed by Geo. Smith of Liverpool in 1828.

This opening anecdote gives the keynote to much of the book which follows; Sir Henry Roscoe belongs to the third generation of a Liverpool family which has contributed a steady succession of able men to the various learned professions. In his own line Sir Henry has reached the same European reputation which attached to his grandfather, William Roscoe, who however was not known as a botanist but as the author of "Lorenzo de' Medici", and the forerunner of that study of the Italian Renaissance pursued so generally in the next generation. Readers of this autobiography, as they from time to time fall across the name of other connexions, will realise how entirely Roscoe belonged to a family of that aristocracy of intellect which is still so young in this country. Roscoe's education began at University College, London, then possessing perhaps its most distinguished professoriate; as a chemist he was at first under Graham and then under Williamson, whose assistant he became for a time. But his real training in research came from Heidelberg, where he afterwards betook himself to work under Bunsen, the great master of that generation of chemists. Here after a preliminary training in the methods of analysis, particularly of gases, which Bunsen had invented and brought to something near perfection, he embarked with his professor on that series of researches on the photo-chemical action of light which have become one of the classics of chemistry. This investigation occupied not only Roscoe's student days at Heidelberg but several long vacations after his appointment to the professorship at the newly founded Owens College. It is to these Heidelberg days that Roscoe's memory most fondly turns; days of strenuous work and of inspiring companionship, whence also he derived the high ideal of the duties of a scientific professor that he has been among the foremost to uphold in this country. Bunsen himself was without any phrase-making a great man, and among Roscoe's fellow-students were Kirchhoff, Kekulé, Von Baeyer, Lothar Meyer, Beilstein, Quincke, who between them were responsible for much of the scientific progress of the next generation. In this connexion Roscoe discusses a little the relative merits of the German professorial system and the tutorial method of teaching in vogue in our English Universities. Of course from the point of view of the production of learned men the English plan makes a very poor show, and Sir Henry quotes a

pointed example in a young friend of his own who took a good class in the History School at Oxford without ever learning that Stubbs was at that time lecturing in the University. But Oxford and Cambridge should not be compared with the knot of men clustered round some famous professor but with the gathering of young Junkerdom at Bonn, or one of the other Universities favoured by the ruling class. The theory of Oxford and Cambridge is that their men have not to acquire learning but to obtain such a general survey of knowledge and the intellectual life as will make an efficient groundwork for any branch of life they may take up later on. That is the theory: too often it is apt to make men feel that they know all about that sort of thing and need trouble about it no more. Cambridge indeed is getting so full of researchers as to be in serious danger of losing this eminently practical point of view, which may account for its comparative unsuccess of late in the examinations for the public service, but Oxford has repeatedly shown that she possesses the art of so sterilising her scientific professors that once within her walls they become as harmless for the advancement of knowledge as the merest don, content in future to be rather than to attempt to do.

Once established as professor in the Owens College, Roscoe found himself, and did more than any other single man to make learning a power in the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Other professors may have been finer scholars or more profound thinkers, but Roscoe had the gift of keeping his laboratories at work and also standing before men as a representative both of knowledge and public life. The part that science ought to take in industry was always one of his preoccupations, and distinguished in the academic world as many of his pupils are to-day, it was the way his men practically filled all the posts of chemist in the works and factories in the north of England that did much to spread a belief in the highest forms of education and led to the foundation first of the Victoria and then of all the other provincial Universities.

In 1885, after a twenty-eight years' tenure, Sir Henry Roscoe resigned his professorship on his election as member for South Manchester, and for the next ten years he was an active member of Parliament, busy with all questions of a social kind and particularly with the promotion of education in every form. It would make but a dull catalogue to enumerate the many commissions and committees of this kind on which Sir Henry served; only those who have worked with him can appreciate the value of his broad judicial mind and his straightforward anxiety to keep the work moving. No great institution, no fundamental measure (though much of the credit for both the Technical Instruction Act and the allotment of the "whisky money", which rendered it a reality a year later, should be his) is associated with his name, but all those behind the scenes know how much of the educational advances of the last twenty years has been due to the confidence inspired by Roscoe's quiet work for the cause and his freedom from all suspicion of self-seeking or advertising. Much in the same way Roscoe's last piece of work must remain but little known to the crowd; in 1900 the statutes for the constitution of a new federal teaching University for London were approved by Parliament; to get the cumbrous machinery to work, to reconcile all the conflicting interests, and to persuade the jealous partners to fall into line, was the work of Roscoe as Vice-Chancellor. This was a fit ending to Sir Henry's long connexion with the University of London, and his friends can congratulate themselves that the first fruits of his leisure after resigning his office are to be seen in the publication of this memoir. No one can put the book down without a feeling for the large liberal nature of the man and his enjoyment of all forms of intellectual effort, his independence of character, his single-mindedness of purpose; we have among us perhaps greater chemists and more famous men of science, but no more illustrious example of the value of original investigation in forming a man for the service of the community.

NOVELS.

"The Iron Gates." By Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton). London: Unwin. 1906. 6s.

Some of the persons who figured in that remarkable novel, "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten", reappear in Mrs. Lee-Hamilton's new story, and it will be difficult for the uninitiated to follow their later history. For past events govern the course of their lives, and yet are communicated to the reader only piecemeal. "The Iron Gates" may further be censured as spasmodic. We are shown a series of scenes in the East End and in society, and the thread that binds them together is slight. Finally, the last scene, a hypocritical blackguard's public confession, has been anticipated in a great book which many seem never to have read—"The Scarlet Letter"—and in a comparatively recent book which many have read (without recognising its model) "The Silence of Deau Maitland". But the sins which Dunstane Momerie in these pages acknowledges are not amours. He is the finest specimen of the unqualified cur and cad that we have encountered in fiction, but his designer shows great skill in revealing his mental processes; she explains where a less capable artist would have denounced. There are two or three other striking figures—notably the good-hearted Zo, who dances at an East End music-hall and is essentially the finest character in the book. There are two horrible imps of the gutter. The slum-scenes are very lurid, and the fashionable people who glance at these slums are somewhat superficially portrayed. It is a work of strong colouring, and the contrasts would be more impressive if the "values" of the colours were uniform. There is absolute ruthlessness in some of the delineations of sordid misery, ill balanced, perhaps, by a kind of sentimentalism. Yet few novels concerned with the misery of outer London contain such striking scenes on such arresting characters.

"Davray's Affairs." By Reginald Turner. London: Greening. 1906. 6s.

Mr. Turner devotes his pages to a discussion of a peculiar type of what is generally known as the artistic temperament. Davray is a novelist who takes himself very seriously, and is proud of his understanding of feminine psychology. But as a man he insists on regarding women under one of two aspects, which might be called the Byronic and the intellectual, and on keeping these rigidly apart. Thus so long as he is in love with a woman, she is not for him a rational being. Recognition of her mental powers immediately eliminates all emotion. Like a donkey between two bundles of hay, he oscillates between his own wife and a fascinating widow. Each is clever and beautiful, and with each he alternately philanders and collaborates. So long as A is a co-worker, B is a toy. When B turns out to have a mind, she becomes a mere intellect, and he transfers his mawkish passions to A. The theme is treated with some cleverness, but Davray is never made convincing. Having at last made up his simulacrum of a mind that his wife is both intelligent and charming, he settles down to domesticity and the production of pot-boilers with her aid. The idea seems to be that so far as an artist is a normal man, the less artist he. We should have preferred to see the problem worked out in the person of a man who was not quite such an ass and a cad as Davray. Mr. Turner has an irritating way of over-elaborating incidental portraits. He achieves some happy touches in portraying a popular actor-manager and an intellectual Jew determined to pose as a Philistine English country gentleman, but insists tediously on their tricks of speech and manner. A young violinist is more real, though conventionally unconventional.

"Women and the West." By Charles Marriott. London: Nash. 1906. 6s.

Some of the stories in this volume are of considerable distinction, and the craftsmanship throughout is far above the average. They are quiet stories; in none of them is there an appeal to the melodramatic instinct, either in theme or treatment. Mr. Marriott shows a

penetrating and illuminating insight into the human, especially the female, heart; and he has the delicate skill needful for the expression of his subtle vision. "A Poet's License" and the "Judgment of Paris" are quite out of the common in their subtlety, and treated with a delicate humour very appropriate to them. The Cornish stories, though they are above the level of most stories dealing with rustic character, are less interesting, except perhaps "At the Ferry", in which Mr. Marriott's peculiar quality again displays itself in its full but restrained vigour.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"*Pour Mieux Connaitre Homère.*" Paris: Hachette. 1906. 3 fr. 50.

M. Michel Bréal has turned aside from his Oriental studies to plunge into the dark waters of the Homeric controversy. He modestly calls his very charming new book "*Pour mieux connaître Homère.*" That M. Bréal enables us to understand Homer better on many points is a tribute which every reader will pay him ungrudgingly. Whether he has succeeded in settling satisfactorily the origin and development of the epics is quite another matter. An entirely original Homeric hypothesis would at this date be almost an impossibility. M. Bréal approaches nearest to the theory of Professor Paley which still remains the most startling and probably the least accepted. According to the English scholar the *Iliad* appeared not long before Plato; and the whole Greek world was taken in by it very much as England and the Continent were taken in by Ossian. M. Bréal also goes to Asia Minor; not to discover a single author however but a college or corporation which by the seventh century ante Christum had composed our Homer. A corporation is the nearest approach to the individual. "L'auteur de toute cette ample littérature épique ne peut être un individu. Mais l'auteur ne peut être non plus une foule; sur ce point la vraisemblance a toujours protestée. Mais l'auteur peut fort bien être un groupe organisé, une confrérie ayant sa règle, ses traditions, et—ce qui n'importe pas moins—poursuivant un but d'utilité immédiate et ayant sa fonction reconnue". The college of rhapsodists is a familiar idea; but M. Bréal has found what appears to be a new use for it, and becomes quite original. "Les chants homériques ont été composés pour faire partie du programme des jeux et des fêtes en ce pays de Lydie, où les fêtes et les jeux n'ont jamais manqué. Comme il est évident qu'une pensée directrice a présidé tant à la conception qu'à l'exécution, j'ai supposé qu'un collège, une corporation, était chargée de la célébration de ces fêtes, comme on a vu au moyen âge des ordres religieux se vouer à la glorification d'un saint ou à l'accomplissement d'une œuvre". This is ingenious enough; and M. Bréal makes it light reading. But there never was a Homeric theory which was not both interesting and ingenious; and also persuasive till it expired by effluxion of time. And so as Goethe said to Frederic-Auguste Wolf, we may say to M. Bréal, "Même en me persuadant, tu ne me persuaderas pas".

"*Book Prices Current 1906.*" By J. H. Slater. London: Elliot Stock. 1906. 25s.

"*Book Auction Records.*" Vol. III. 1906. By Frank Karslake. London: Karslake. 1906.

"*Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century.*" By John Lawler. Book Lovers' Library. London: Elliot Stock. 1906. 1s. 6d. net.

"*Book Prices Current*" and "*Book-Auction Records*" are both disagreeable books and about as interesting to the true collector as the game-dealer's price-list is to the real sportsman. Such books are only necessary to that modern evil beast, the gentleman dealer, who swindles his host and defrauds the honest bookseller, and if the latter would not buy them they would not be published. Nevertheless we can congratulate Mr. Slater on his increasing accuracy and wonder at the pains taken by both these editors. Works of this kind must of course often be very misleading and we think a note to this effect should appear somewhere within the covers. Especially are we struck with Mr. Karslake's publication which has the advantage of appearing in quarterly numbers and is wonderfully cheap. Mr. Slater and Mr. Karslake should join forces and produce one entirely safe and presentable book between them. The former is an educated gentleman and the latter a master of his craft. It is a pleasure to turn from these books and spend an hour with Mr. Lawler. His little book is most interesting and should be read by every English book-collector. It is written in a pleasant style and like the famous catalogue he has compiled for Messrs. Sotheby shows great research and accuracy. We are glad it has been republished.

"*Collectanea.*" By Charles Crawford. Stratford-on-Avon: At the Shakespeare Head Press. 1906.

Mr. Crawford's articles have for the most part already appeared in print, being a pleasant literary feature of "*Notes and Queries*". It was quite worth while printing them as a

whole. They relate entirely to questions of the plagiarism or indebtedness of authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are something more than mere literary curiosities. Mr. Crawford's literary researches have been very painstaking and scientific, and he certainly establishes some new facts of interest about several leading writers of the Shakespearean period. Marlowe, he shows, drew very largely from Spenser in composing the play "*Selinus*"—which has hitherto been attributed to Robert Greene. Another anonymous play, "*Locrine*", has been generally put to the credit of Marlowe. But Mr. Crawford brings forward good evidence to show that it was not his work. Marlowe was greatly influenced by Spenser, and in "*Locrine*" there is nothing that appears to have been drawn from "*The Faery Queen*". Years ago Mr. A. H. Bullen declared that the authorship of "*Arden of Feversham*" was perhaps the hardest difficulty the student of Elizabethan literature had to face. Mr. Crawford's strong belief is that Kyd was the author, and he brings a good deal of evidence in fine detail to prove his case. The book is produced in nice taste.

Two new volumes in the "*London Library*" (Routledge) are "*Letters to Literary Men.*" The first takes us from Sir Thomas More to Robert Burns, and the second is composed of nineteenth-century correspondence. The letters are selected and edited by F. A. Mumby and the idea is to illustrate the history of English literature by means of letters from the end of the fifteenth to the beginning of the twentieth century. It is, so far as we know, a new idea and of course many of the letters of very great interest; but we would far rather sit down to read continuously, say, the letters of Charles Lamb (which Canon Ainger arranged and edited with perfect taste) or the letters of Cowper, than jump from writer to writer. There is no particular relevance between the letters included in these volumes. Among the letters at the end of the second volume is an interesting and little known one from Tennyson to North. It is friendly, but probably musty, crusty Christopher did not read it with entire comfort.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 15 Janvier. 3 fr.

This number contains a curious extract from some unedited memoirs of Benjamin Constant giving an account of a tour made by him on horseback through England to Edinburgh when a young man. His adventures in endeavouring to borrow money from old school friends are distinctly funny in the case of a man "*pietate gravis*" if ever one was. Perhaps the most striking paper is one by M. Goffic on the crisis in the sardine industry in Brittany. Many causes appear to have contributed to what is in truth a very grave state of affairs, involving the living of nearly 50,000 people actually employed in the trade without counting their families. There seems little doubt that much of the distress might be removed if the fishermen could be persuaded to adopt more modern methods of catching the fish. The conservative instincts of Brittany, excellent in some respects, are fatal to the development of industry. The greatest curse is that the keepers of drink-shops lend the fishermen money at exorbitant rates and thus have a mortgage on their work.

NOTE.—In our review of M. Gruyer's "*Napoleon, King of Elba*" in last Saturday's issue we omitted to state that the book is published by Mr. William Heinemann.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

On three subjects the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh" may be said to run in pairs in their new issues—the Church question in France, Imperial relations and Fiction. Both profess sympathy with the Church and both are critical of the policy of the Pope in dealing with the so-called ecclesiastical laws of the Republic. The "Edinburgh" is of opinion that Pius X. has not grasped the significance of modern thought which calls upon "the proud Imperialism of the Caesars to adorn itself in meekness with the Republicanism of Christ", whilst the "Quarterly" denounces his Holiness for having rejected the chance of a settlement offered by M. Briand's concessions. "There is no doubt", says the "Quarterly", "that Pius X. has played the game of the French anti-clericals as successfully as Leo XIII. checkmated them". "The present Pope", says the "Edinburgh", "has shown himself to be the tool of retrograde officials and the literal executor of the Syllabus. It seems as if he were anxious to bring to an issue all those differences between the Church and the modern

(Continued on page 120.)

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State which Leo XIII. had left in abeyance. His Encyclical Letter to France is a last blow at a National Church". The writer fears that "the uncompromising attitude assumed by the Holy See towards that knowledge which is so much revered by every one to-day may drive the nations away from attempting to scale the mountains of faith, to the dead level of rationalism". Christians, we are assured, who believe in the sacred mission of Catholicism to a materialistic world, "know that there is danger in delay; for the strong spirit of religion moving in the world, critical of its ancient temples and its shrines, may create for itself another tabernacle than the Church of the Ages". The "Edinburgh" is anxious apparently to take a judicial line. In another article dealing with the Age of Reason it says, "we do not believe that the atmosphere of rationalism any more than that of Ultramontanism is one in which men can breathe".

As to the future of the Empire, neither Review is very conclusive, chiefly no doubt because neither is prepared to subscribe to the economic conditions indispensable to closer relations than subsist at this moment between Great Britain and her colonies. The "Edinburgh" travesties Tariff Reform proposals, and the "Quarterly" does little better when it says "the proposal to enter into commercial treaties with the colonies is the strongest possible recognition of their standing as independent nations". The necessity for replacing the existing "formless condition" of things imperial is recognised, but the idea of both reviews seems to be that neither Great Britain nor the Colonies will surrender any shred of their present freedom to accomplish closer union. If they were right the issue would be assured. That it is nothing of the sort will be clear to any reader of the two essays. In the "Quarterly" we are told that "democratic government is suitable for the internal affairs of small States which can be included in Empires. Whether it can be adapted to the requirements of world-States as heterogeneous as ours is a question which awaits solution". From the "Edinburgh" we learn that "it is impossible to grant a democratic Parliament and yet to withhold from it practical sovereignty. In these days Parliament is the real sovereign". That a Whig review should hold these views is natural: it is unfortunate that the "Quarterly" should discover no real hope for federation save perhaps as the outcome of some great crisis. "War is the father of things, and patient endurance the mother. Our business is to maintain cordial relations between the States of the Empire and to improve them as occasion may offer, keeping, like the Wise Virgins, our lamps trimmed and our lights burning, so that all things may be ready when the hour comes".

Mr. Rowland Prothero writes in the "Quarterly" on the "Growth of the Historical Novel", and in the "Edinburgh" we have an essay on Insular Fiction. The historical novel, says Mr. Prothero, did not make its appearance till 1814. Previously novels had been "so to speak in search of themselves: they had no conscious purpose, no clear perception of their true domain". Mr. Prothero defines a perfect novel as "at once the phoenix of literary zoology and a first-rate test of first-rate talent". He traces the tendency towards realism and truth of representation through the centuries and various countries until the historical romance became firmly established with the advent of Sir Walter Scott. In its particular course of development the novel illustrates the growing sense of "the mystery in us which calls itself I. The exhibition of character has grown to be the highest aim of literature, its distinguishing feature, its greatest triumph". The difference between past and present is forcibly illustrated by turning to the "Edinburgh's" account of what the writer calls the British convention in fiction and his analysis of certain modern novels which aim at "a criticism of life". The quality insisted upon is "a false air of reality", and incidentally he points out how "the convention drives Mr. Hichens to Sicily, Miss Cholmondeley to Italy, Mr. Locke to Paris, Mr. Wells to Utopia, and Mr. Maxwell to silence".

The "Church Quarterly Review" is noticeable this quarter first for what it lacks. The absence of an article on the struggle between the Church in France and the Republican Government is extraordinary. During the whole of the past quarter this battle has been going on without pause; and the "Church Quarterly" has nothing to say about it. Whether it were better for the Review to say nothing about the Church in France than anything resembling what it said before may be an open question; but it is not creditable that the only English quarterly devoted primarily to ecclesiastical matters should ignore events by far the most momentous of the day for all Christendom. It is so painfully insular, so parochial, which Christianity ought not to be. One would much rather hear the "Church Quarterly's" view on the French crisis than on Chinese questions, which it plainly knows little about, and is not in a position to understand. The article "The Real Yellow Peril" will have a disastrous effect on any reader who knows China at first hand and is inclined to be critical, if not suspicious, of missionary enterprise. It will confirm all his prejudices. As a set-off there is a very pleasant and discerning paper on modern French novelists. We are glad to see a right appreciation of the work of the Marguerites, especially of their masterpiece, "Une Epoque", which however is a tetralogy not a trilogy.

The "Law Quarterly Review" is a specially good number this time. We are not referring so much to the formal articles, which are of the usually learned and rather ponderous character, as to the notes and the reviews of books. One of the notes, which extends over four pages, is the report of an address by Mr. Melville Bigelow to the Boston University Law School on the influence of dominant political and social ideas on the development of law, with a characteristic comment thereon by the Editor. Another comment by the Editor is on the death of F. W. Maitland, in which the writer—also evidently the Editor—says: "We remember in our own time only one other loss—it was many years ago—so premature and so irreparable". We may expect no doubt before long an appreciation which could not appear more appropriately than in the "Law Quarterly". Of the book reviews we may especially mention a deservedly severe criticism of "Psychology applied to Legal Evidence and other constructions of Law" by Mr. G. F. Arnold; and a rather late but pleasant notice of Mr. Atlay's "Victorian Chancellors". We may mention for those who were interested in Mr. J. Pollock's article in the last number on the "Case of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey" that Mr. Alfred Marks, the author of the book attacked, replies to Mr. Pollock's article.

FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

"Journal des Savants." Décembre. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr.

"Souvenirs biographiques sur Louis-Guillaume Lemonnier, Associé de l'Institut national" are three manuscripts from the library of the Institute of France, throwing extremely interesting light on the life and works of one of the most deserving pioneers of natural science, principally botany, at the end of the eighteenth century. They were used by Georges Cuvier for his "Notice historique sur la vie et les ouvrages du citoyen Lemonnier", read before the Institute on the 15 Vendémiaire an 9 (7 October, 1800). Mr. A. Thomas contributes an excellent notice on "Jacques d'Armagnac bibliophile". Like his grandfather, the celebrated Jean de France, Duc de Berry—of the "Grandes Heures" at Chantilly—Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, was a passionate lover of books and miniatures: it is for him that Jehan Fouquet completed the illumination of the celebrated "Antiquités de Joseph", at the Bibliothèque Nationale. "Le premier ministère de Louis XVIII.", by M. S. Charlét, shows us in an amusing way "l'anarchie paternelle" which formed the keynote of French internal politics during the interval between the Restoration and Napoleon's return from Elba. The Atharva-Veda-Samshita, which occupies an original and quite unique place in Sanskrit literature, could have been made the subject of an extremely interesting article, and it is a pity that M. V. Henry should have limited himself to mere philological and critical notes on the text recently published by the Harvard University. In "Le relevé de la colonne Trajane par Charles Percier" M. J. Guiffrey brings to light some curious notes on a survey of the Trajan Column made at Rome from 1787 to 1789 by a young French architect commissioned by the Académie royale d'Architecture. M. R. Cagnat gives us an additional note on "Un règlement minier sous l'Empire romain", with a reproduction of the original inscription.

"L'Art et les Artistes." Décembre. Paris: 173 Boulevard St. Germain. 1.50 fr.

M. Anatole France's "Pallas Athéné" is rather disappointing: by way of compensation the illustrations are magnificent and chosen with great taste. Text and illustrations are equally interesting in M. Arsène Alexandre's "Noël": the article would be perfect if not so aggressively agnostic. M. Jean Auby and M. Henri Frantz give us good monographs of "Un aquarelliste: Gaston Prunier" and of "Portail", the charming painter of the inner side of Louis XV's court. The supplement contains as usual M. Maurice Guillemot's excellent "Le mois artistique" and several other interesting notices.

"Gazette des Beaux-Arts." Décembre. Paris: 8 Rue Favart. 7.50 fr.

In "Etudes de céramique grecque" M. Edmond Pottier reviews with unique capacity MM. Furtwängler and Reichold's splendid publication "Griechische Malerei", the second series of which is now well advanced. M. Paul Gamot's "Le salon d'automne" rises again very much above the usual hackneyed and commonplace reviews to which the ever-multiplying "Salons" give occasion in most of the art papers. M. Denis Roche concludes his "Un Peintre Petit-Russien à la fin du XVIII^e siècle et au commencement du XIX^e": Vladimir-Loukitch Borovikovski (1757-1825). Very good articles are devoted by M. Roger Marx to M. Edgar Chahine's beautiful series of aquafortis, "Impressions d'Italie", and by M. Louis Dimier to "Le portrait de Charlotte de France du présumé Jean Clouet". The "Bibliographie des ouvrages publiés en France et à l'étranger sur les Beaux-Arts et la Curiosité pendant le deuxième semestre de l'année 1896", compiled by M. Auguste Marguillier, is as useful and complete as those already published.

"La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne." Décembre. Paris : 28 Rue du Mont-Thabor. 7.50 fr.

M. Jules Claretie's "Artistes contemporains : Ernest Hébert (1)" is conspicuous for the silly sentimentality which makes most of his weekly articles in "Le Temps" such dull reading. "Les Primitifs espagnols", by M. Emile Bertaux, is excellent, like everything this learned and judicious critic writes. M. G. Lafenestre gives us a very good notice on "L'Homme au verre, attribué à Jean Fouquet" recently acquired by the Louvre. M. Gustave Mendel's first article on "Les grands champs de fouilles de l'Orient grec en 1905" is mainly devoted to the recent discoveries in Crete, and is extremely interesting. A beautiful aquafortis by Charles Huard is introduced in a short notice on the artist by M. Edouard André. In "Les Portraits d'Alfred de Musset, à propos d'une peinture inédite d'Eugène Delacroix" M. Emile Dacier shows that the beautiful portrait by Eugène Delacroix, in M. Stanislas Meunier's collection, represents not the great poet himself, but his brother Paul de Musset.

"Art et Décoration." Décembre. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 2 fr.

This number is mainly devoted to the recent "Exposition des Artistes Décorateurs au Pavillon de Marsan", M. Octave Uzanne giving us an interesting monograph of one of the most remarkable among the exhibitors, Eugène Grasset, and M. Charles Saunier reviewing the exhibition as a whole. Some of the works shown are exquisite, Majorelle of Nancy standing foremost, as usual, with his magnificent pieces of furniture. The supplement contains an excellent "Chronique" by M. François Monod "reporting on the principal artistic events of the month."

"Les Arts." Décembre. Paris: 24 Boulevard des Italiens. 2 fr.

Earl Spencer's magnificent gallery of pictures at Althorp House forms the subject of a splendidly and very copiously illustrated article by M. René Pierre-Marcel: no fewer than twenty-nine of the more important pictures are reproduced. M. Gabriel Mourey gives us good monographs of two of the best painters of last century—Jules Breton and Alfred Stevens. "Les Crèches du Musée National de Munich", by M. Maurice Vaucaire, calls our attention to a supremely interesting section of the Bayerisches National Museum at Munich—perhaps, taking everything together, the finest and best arranged museum in existence.

For this Week's Books see page 122.

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Perugino (Edward Hutton). Duckworth. 2s. net.
The Origin and First Two Years of the New English Art Club (W. J. Laidlay). Lane.
Van Dyck (Lionel Cust). Bell. 5s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe during the Greek Revolution (Edited by his Daughter Laura E. Richards). John Lane. 16s. net.
Moltke in his Home (Friedrich August Dressler. Authorised Translation by Mrs. Charles E. Barrett-Lennard). Murray. 6s. net.
Memoirs of a Revolutionist (Prince Kropotkin). Sonnenschein. 6s.
Mrs. Montagu, 1720-1800: an Essay (R. Huchon). Murray. 6s. net.
Thomas Edward Brown (Selwyn G. Simpson). Walter Scott. 6s.

FICTION

The Rose Geranium (Lucas Cleeve). Unwin. 6s.
The King's Wife (Helene Vacaresco). Laurie. 6s.
God's Outpost (Cullen Gouldsbury). Nash. 6s.
The Slave of Silence (Fred M. White). Ward, Lock. 6s.
The Potter's Vessel (Ethel M. Clarke). The Century Press. 6s.
Harry and Ursula (W. E. Norris); A Midsummer Day's Dream (H. B. Marriott Watson). Methuen. 6s. each.
Colonel of the Red Hussars (John Reed Scott, Grant Richards. 6s.
The World of Crime (M. F. Gordon). Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d.]
The Second Evil (Sadi Grant); The Luck of the Leura (Mrs. Campbell Praed); A Lighthearted Rebellion (John Langfield). Long. 6s. each.
The Ghost (Arnold Bennett). Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d. net.

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Studies in Education during the Age of the Renaissance, 1400-1600 (William Harrison Woodward). Cambridge: At the University Press. 4s. 6d. net.
Memorials of Old Kent (Edited by Rev. P. H. Ditchfield and George Clinch. Bemrose. 15s. net.

LAW

Everest and Storde's Law of Estoppel (Second Edition. Lancelot Fielding Everest), 25s.; A Treatise on Statute Law (William Fielden Craies). Stevens and Haynes.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT

The English Flower-Garden and Home Grounds (W. Ronson). Tenth Edition). Murray. 15s. net.
Great Golfers in the Making (Edited . . . by Henry Leach). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS

Schoolmaster's Yearbook and Directory, The, 1907. Sonnenschein.
Modern Encyclopedia, The (Vol. V.). Gresham Publishing Co.
Phrases and Names: Their Origins and Meanings (Trench H. Johnson). Laurie. 6s.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Works of Edmund Burke (Vol. III.); Sheridan's Plays; Lives of the Novelists (Scott); The Poet at the Breakfast Table; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; Pendennis (Thackeray. 2 vols.). Frowde. 1s. net each.
Poems of Herrick (Selected . . . by Rev. H. C. Beeching). Jack. 3s. 6d. net.

VERSE

Bernardine (Frederick B. Shepherd). Simpkin, Marshall. 2s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Essays Critical and Political (2 vols. J. H. Balfour Browne). Longmans. 15s. net.
Family, The (Elsie Clew Parsons). Putnams. 12s. 6d. net.
Geography in relation to War (Colonel E. S. May). Hugh Rees. 2s. net.
Many Coloured Essays (Charles J. Dunphie). Stock. 5s. net.
Next Street but One, The (M. Loane). Arnold. 6s.
Paupers, The Manufacture of. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
Sanitary Evolution of London, The (Henry Jephson). Unwin. 6s. net.
Struggle for a Free Stage in London, The (Watson Nicholson). Constable. 10s. 6d. net.
Tennyson's Sprache und Stil (Von Dr. Phil. Roman Dyboski). Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller. 15s.
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY:—The Church Quarterly Review, 6s.; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s.
FOR DECEMBER, 1906:—The Review of the Far East (Hongkong), 2s.; The African Monthly (Grahamstown, Cape Colony), 1s.
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Milling.									
No. of Stamps in operation	100	200	200	100	180	180	200	135	60
Total Ore crushed (tons) ..	57,380	90,750	82,910	61,812	87,520	67,561	89,750	68,612	34,070
Duty per Stamp per 24 hours (tons)	6'656	5'809	5'602	7'117	5'735	6'502	5'731	5'247	6'618
Cyaniding.									
Tons Concentrates treated..	—	—	—	—	5,062	—	—	—	—
Tons Sands treated	36,660	57,600	55,175	41,770	52,231	49,200	60,800	45,129	22,062
Tons Slimes treated	19,864	31,306	27,493	20,583	29,645	20,252	29,434	21,135	11,747
Total Tons treated	56,524	88,906	82,668	62,353	81,876	69,452	90,234	66,264	33,809
Gold Production.									
Mill (fine ozs.)	13,767'429	21,521'510	19,774'643	14,287'114	23,028'418	23,682'651	24,373'848	17,802'444	9,263'131
Cyanide Works (fine ozs.) ..	7,121'793	5,702'521	10,137'513	6,441'703	12,836'402	11,204'429	11,522'091	6,833'554	4,957'834
Total (fine ozs.)	20,889'222	30,224'031	29,912'156	20,728'815	35,864'820	34,887'080	35,895'939	24,635'998	12,220'965
Total Yield per Ton Milled (fine dwts.)	7'281	6'660	7'215	6'707	8'195	11'807	7'933	7'181	7'174
Total Working Expenses.									
Cost	£59,214 13 6	£99,916 10 10	£87,313 12 4	£77,371 5 7	£104,947 9 3	£67,709 4 3	£87,178 17 6	£81,884 15 4	£45,739 2 0
Cost per Ton Milled	£1 0 7'674	£1 0 0'440	£1 1 0'805	£1 5 0'412	£1 3 11'790	£1 0 0'520	£0 19 5'124	£1 3 10'427	£1 6 10'200
Revenue.									
Value of Gold produced ..	£88,087 10 2	£127,383 10 6	£126,135 17 6	£87,478 5 2	£150,942 7 9	£167,900 12 4	£150,292 15 9	£103,318 11 10	£51,407 0 5
Value per Ton Milled	£1 10 8'440	£1 8 0'883	£1 10 5'126	£1 8 3'655	£1 14 5'918	£2 9 8'472	£1 13 5'897	£1 10 3'150	£1 10 2'127
Working Profit.									
Amount	£28,873 3 8	£26,467 8 8	£38,800 5 3	£10,106 19 7	£45,994 18 6	£100,200 8 1	£63,113 18 3	£21,933 16 6	£5,667 18 5
Per Ton Milled	£0 10 0'766	£0 8 0'442	£0 9 4'321	£0 3 3'242	£0 10 6'128	£1 9 7'946	£0 14 0'772	£0 6 4'722	£0 3 3'906
Interest.									
Debit	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Credit	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Net Profit.									
.. .. .	£29,164 6 0	£26,467 8 8	£38,800 5 3	£10,106 19 7	£45,994 18 6	£100,200 8 1	£63,113 18 3	£21,933 16 6	£5,667 18 5
Estimated Amount of 10 % Tax on Profits	£2,441 0 0	£3,191 0 0	£3,750 0 0	£1,209 0 0	£3,598 0 0	£11,439 0 0	£6,064 0 0	£1,601 0 0	£641 0 0
Capital Expenditure	£10,345 1 8	£3,585 0 3	£7,854 16 6	£2,273 5 7	£17,852 7 5	£7,374 7 5	£15,985 4 5	£14,973 11 4	£10,526 9 10
Interim Dividends Declared.									
Payable to Shareholders registered in books as at Rate per cent.	—	31st Dec., '06 20 %	31st Dec., '06 20 %	—	—	—	31st Dec., '06 40 %	—	—
Total amount of distribution	—	£42,500	£60,000	—	—	—	£120,000 0 0	—	—

* Including Freehold Revenue.

MOUNT CATTLIN COPPER MINING CO., LTD.

REPORT of proceedings of the Statutory Meeting, held on Monday, the 21st of January, 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, Mr. James Tyhurst (Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. E. Protheroe Jones, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the Auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, this is the first and statutory meeting of this company, such as is held rather to fulfil certain legal and technical requirements than for setting forth results which are still to be obtained, or for defining plans of campaign that can only be determined as circumstances may demand as the property is developed. The directors' report, which is in your hands, we may, I take it, consider as read, especially as it is necessarily so simple and rudimentary in its character at the present time; but, referring for a moment to the cash items, I may say that the £147,561 ss., "received by the company in respect of shares issued," has since the 10th instant been increased to £149,700. The outstanding amount due on the call of ss., making the shares paid up to 19s., is £500. The £89,695 ss. ad. already paid to the vendors for our property comprises, of course, by far the greater proportion of the purchase money, and the balance, some £17,000, will quite shortly be settled for. We have, of course, ample funds in hand to complete the payment, and we are only waiting to receive the account from the vendors (certified as correct by the auditors). Meanwhile we hold the necessary deeds and titles thereof, which were forwarded last month to West Australia for registration.

The issue of the 200,000 shares of this company in November last was—as was quite anticipated—a very satisfactory one, inasmuch as the whole amount was quickly and considerably over-subscribed; an additional satisfactory feature being a good number of local applications in Western Australia from people on the spot, a fair evidence of a good opinion on the part of people who should be able to gauge the intrinsic value of the property which we have secured.

I am quite sure that you will recognise that it is in no way within the province, nor is it the purpose, of your directors to enter into promises or prophecy as to the future, but rather that we shall devote all our time and thought to the cautious and careful development of the property, to devise such management as should secure the most satisfactory results, and to handle the company's funds for the best interests of the shareholders—in short, to work, and not to talk. It is distinctly encouraging to receive such reports of actual results as those received from the mine and forwarded to you, especially as they confirm the reports on which the prospectus was based, and that the farther the development of the mine is carried, the more satisfactory are the prospects of the company. In anticipation of this meeting, and in order to have the most recent news, we have received from Mr. King a cable which appears to us eminently satisfactory, and is as follows:—

"Registration of the company: expect to have all completed by next week."

"Have located the three chutes of ore on the 200 feet level. No. 1, 80 feet long, 8 feet wide. It contains 5 per cent. copper, assays 4 dwts. per ton gold. No. 2, 80 feet long, 6 feet wide. It contains 1 per cent. copper, assays 2 dwts. per ton gold. No. 3, 70 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches wide. It contains 2½ per cent. copper, assays 2 dwts. per ton gold."

"Preparations being made to sink shaft(s) extending drift on the 200 feet level, in order to develop country east and west."

"New air-compressor will be in full operation at the end of the month."

"Ore shipped to smelters to date, 1,264 tons. It contains 67'58 tons copper, 261 ounces gold, 26 ounces silver. Gross value, £7,471; estimated net value, £3,885. 1,400 tons of ore on the dump ready and awaiting shipment to smelting works."

"Selwyn Goldstein, late Great Boulder Mine staff, has been appointed manager."

We have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. George Charles Klug, well and favourably known in the profession, as the consulting engineer for the company in the State of Western Australia. We know we can rely upon him for absolutely reliable information and technical guidance, and accordingly the board entrusted to him the selection of a mine manager, and in the appointment of Mr. Selwyn Goldstein he appears to have exercised his usual acumen and discrimination. Mr. Goldstein comes to us with a good record, and after a service of eight years on the staff of the Great Boulder Mine under Mr. Hamilton. We feel quite safe in

predicting that when the new 12-drill air-compressor is in full work, more vigorous development will be the order of the day, and the shaft will be sunk to prove the lodes at much lower depths.

Arrangements as to smelting are already being made with the parent company (the Phillips River Gold and Copper Company, Limited), who have all necessary plant and staff for such work, and you may rely upon an equitable settlement being arrived at between the two companies. Your board will, it goes without saying, take care that the arrangement shall be a good one for this company, and the Phillips River Company will only be too ready to act fairly towards this company, in the welfare of which it is largely interested.

You are no doubt aware that a railway has been determined upon by the Government of Western Australia, to run between Ravensthorpe (a township immediately adjoining our property) and Hopetoun, on the coast, and that a special appropriation of some £60,000 has been voted thereby by the Legislature. This road is expected to be in working order during the course of this year, so that cheap and rapid transport to the coast is secured to us, a most valuable asset in itself.

In conclusion, I have only to say that the board have every confidence in the property, and that all information received from the mine will be promptly communicated to the shareholders as received, whilst the circulation of the monthly reports will be continued as heretofore, and arrangements have been made for these cables and reports to be published simultaneously in London and Australia.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding terminated the proceedings.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

Dividend No. 7.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER (of ss. shares) are informed that they will receive payment on or after MONDAY, 11th February, 1907, of DIVIDEND No. 7 (60 per cent., i.e. 25 per ss. share) after Surrender of COUPON No. 7 either at the London office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., or at the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taitbout, Paris.

ALL COUPONS presented at the latter address, as well as any presented at the London office for account of holders resident in France, will be subject to a deduction of 1s. in the £ on account of French transfer duty and French income tax.

COUPONS belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction by the London office of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. in the pound.

COUPONS must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (SATURDAYS EXCEPTED) between the hours of Eleven and Two.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.

Declaration of Dividend No. 5.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an INTERIM DIVIDEND of 7½ per cent. (One Shilling and Sixpence per share) has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 31st of January, 1907.

This Dividend will be payable to all Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 31st of January, 1907, and to holders of COUPON No. 5 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 1st to 7th of February, 1907, both days inclusive.

The Dividend will be payable to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, and to European Shareholders from the London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., on or about the 7th of March, 1907.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend on presentation of COUPON No. 5 at the London Office of the Company.

COUPONS must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination, and will be payable at any time on or after the 7th of March, 1907.

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